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DECEMBER 22, 1952

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LX NO. 25

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BACK IN 1902 automobiles were thought by many to be little more than mechanical novelties—too noisy and cantankerous to be of value. They often wheezed, bucked and snorted when starting. And their crude engines popped and missed while running.

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LETTERS

Believers & Others

Was it by accident or sheer brilliance that TIME [Dec. 1] presented the contrasting articles, "Know the Truth" and "What They Believe," in its Education and Religion departments, respectively?

Is it too much to hope that more men like Carnegie Foundation President Carmichael will step forward categorically on the side of truth to expose this generation's educators and fellow travelers for the brood of nihilistic vipers that they are? One would almost believe so, when pondering the inane and pious cant that appears as the profound soul-searching of the majority of contributors to Edward R. Murrow's *This I Believe* series . . .

W. J. CRAIGHEAD

Lakewood, Ohio

Sir:
I could not help but compare Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's belief to Dr. Oliver C. Carmichael's. Give us more Carmichaels and fewer, if any, Roosevelts.

JAMES BLADE

Arlington, Va.

Sir:
This I Believe . . . proclaims the all but complete triumph of secularism. It looks as though we have fairly well got rid of God; it only remains for us now to get rid of Man.

ARTHUR S. TRACE JR.
Stanford, Calif.

Man of the Year?

Sir:
Would it be too much to suggest that TIME might have the broad-mindedness to rise above its bitter criticism of the past and select Senator Joseph McCarthy? . . .

CATHERINE COULTER
Waltham, Mass.

Sir:
Thomas E. Dewey, the oracle of Owosso, for his most remarkable, double-header victory in taming the Taittites and terminating the Trumanites.

SIG GREENBERG
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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Sir:
Richard Nixon's cocker spaniel, Checkers . . . Millions of American dog owners were carried away by the image of Checkers' sad eyes pleading: "My poor master," "mortgages," "old car," "policy loan," "Republcan cloth coat," etc. They rushed to vote for Nixon. The resulting landslide for the Republicans, including the election of Eisenhower, was natural, if coincidental.

RICHARD BARSKY

Montreal, Que.

Sir:
Marine Commandant "Lem" Shepherd (CPL.) V. H. CARPENTER (PFC.) W. F. TRASK

U.S.M.C.
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Sir:
I nominate the only person who has stayed pure and innocent throughout his entire career—Li'l Abner.

JOHN BUCKLEY JR.

Las Vegas, Nev.

Sir:
Christine Jorgensen . . . for Man and/or Woman of the year.

H. QUINTO

New York City

The Secret Life of Editors

Sir:
I am happy to see in your Dec. 1 issue that that great American, Walter Mitty, has become so firmly integrated in critical parlance as to merit comparative mention in three TIME departments: Cinema, Theater and Books.

HANS HANSEN

Copenhagen, Denmark

Sir:
Friend of yours? AARON GOLDMAN
Washington, D.C.
¶ Yes, but TIME's editors were caught dreaming.—ED.

Crime & Punishment

Sir:
Shame on your Dec. 1 story about the Rosenbergs. It is an outrage . . . as a Jew, I am sorry for the Rosenbergs, primarily

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Volume LX
Number 25

TIME, DECEMBER 22, 1952

THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS AWAY FROM HOME

A whole Company of Marines said "THANKS"

How a group of telephone women helped to make it a Merry Christmas for the men in Korea

Helping others to have a Merry Christmas is a tradition among telephone people. In recent years there has been an increasing number of gifts for those in the service.

One group of telephone women observed last Christmas by sending a holiday package to every man in Company E of the 1st Marines in Korea. They adopted this company in remembrance of Corporal Richard E. deVilliers, a gallant fellow-worker



Santa's suit was made by a South Korean who had never seen or heard of Santa Claus. South Koreans also took turns in drawing the jeep trailer.

who was killed in action while serving with Company E.

You can imagine what happened when all those packages arrived.

The boys made quite an occasion of it. There was much scurrying around to get a Santa Claus suit. None was available but finally they found a South Korean who could sew and the job was completed after a lot of picture drawing and explaining. Then Santa was mounted on a jeep trailer and drawn along in state.

After the packages were opened, a scroll of appreciation was signed by

every member of the company and sent back to this country. More than two hundred of the men wrote letters of thanks.

"Your kindness," wrote their Captain, "brought happiness to the hearts of a group of Marines, many of whom were spending their first Christmas away from home."

It all turned out so well that it was decided to do the same thing again this year. So hundreds of packages are again on their way across the seas to help make it a Merry Christmas in Korea.



Members of the TEVS, the Telephone Employees Volunteer Service in San Francisco, holding the scroll of thanks from the Marines. It is one of their proudest possessions.

THIS IS JUST ONE OF MANY WAYS in which telephone people in many communities say "Merry Christmas."

Whether it's dressing dolls for orphaned children, or contributing trees and turkeys and baskets of food, telephone men and women are spurred by the desire to be helpful. Through all the year they try to keep good will and The Voice With The Smile in telephone service.

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that they too are Jews, and secondarily that their crime does not deserve the electric chair . . .

H. W. SCHEIN

Louisville, Ky.

Sir:

. . . The Rosenberg crime was political, and as such must not be dealt with religiously . . . As a Jew I can feel no differently disposed towards them than I would to anyone else who committed such an unjustifiable act . . . There can be only one answer to the question of commuting the death sentence for these two who were willing to sell out their country . . .

I. RONALD SHENKER

Flushing, N.Y.

Sir:

I wonder if those same people from England, France, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland who are in the "Save-the-Rosenbergs" movement made a similar appeal for the eleven Communist leaders who were hanged in Czechoslovakia?

GINA DE LEEUW

Amsterdam, Holland

Doctors in Uniform

Sir:

Rear Admiral Lamont Pugh's biased criticism in TIME, Dec. 1 is typical of the narrow attitude of top medical brass hierarchy in the armed forces. The majority of American doctors & dentists are not interested in military medicine . . . The thing that makes military medicine revolting to most doctors is not the hardships of service or the burden of overwork in the professional aspects of medicine, but red tape, confusion, idleness, waste of talents, boredom and paper work . . .

B. T. GALBRAITH, M.D.

McAlester, Okla.

Sir:

The only solution to the problem of shortage of doctors in the armed forces is a Government-sponsored National Medical Academy, created along the lines of West Point, which would annually supply doctors as West Point produces officers.

RICHARD A. GRUDZINSKI

Syracuse, N.Y.

Mann & Freedom

Sir:

It is appropriate to ask Citizen Thomas Mann for a more specific account of the "slight restrictions of freedom" [TIME, Dec. 1] in the country whose citizenship he is anxious to keep . . . He has the moral obligation to speak up instead of spreading insinuations against his adopted homeland and to violate his promise to act as a good-will messenger when issued his American passport for travel abroad. Of course, the Nobel Prize awarded to Thomas Mann was for literature, not for taste, tact and loyalty.

JULIUS BAUER, M.D.

Los Angeles

Service Stripes

Sir:

. . . In your Nov. 10 issue there was a paragraph devoted to the outcome of the senatorial election in New Jersey . . . I was described as a "Wall Street lawyer who had served briefly as Under Secretary of the Army." I served a few days out of two years as Under Secretary, following nine months as Assistant Secretary. I must say I am curious to know what length of service is required in order to get a man out of the "brief" category . . .

ARCHIBALD S. ALEXANDER

Bernardsville, N.J.

TIME, DECEMBER 22, 1952

N THE YEAR from the creation of the world,
 when in the beginning God created heaven & earth,
five thousand, one hundred & ninety-nine;
From the flood, two thousand, nine hundred & fifty-seven;
From the birth of Abraham, two thousand, five hundred & ten;
From the anointing of King David, one thousand & thirty-two;

In the sixty-fifth week according to the prophecy of Daniel;
In the one hundred & ninety-fourth Olympiad;
In the year seven hundred & fifty-two
from the founding of the city of Rome;
In the fifty-second year of the empire of Octavian Augustus,
when the whole world was at peace;
In the sixth age of the world,

JESUS CHRIST, eternal God, and Son of the eternal Father...
Is born in Bethlehem of Juda, having become man of the Virgin Mary.



PROCLAMATION OF CHRISTMAS

REPUTED VI CENTURY

dove magi

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Henry R. Luce
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James A. Lienb
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
H. S. Phillips, Jr.

TIME, DECEMBER 22, 1952

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

When Cartoonist Al Capp began introducing his readers to LIME—"the magazine with a flavor"—we asked Capp to tell us a little more about the new publication and how it got its name. In the words of the characters who populate his improbable county of Dogpatch (not to be confused with those who live in his even less probable country of Lower Slobbovia), he assured us: "It warn't no accident."

It seems that LIME's crew-cut correspondent was assigned to cover the annual Sadie Hawkins Day race—a sunup-to-sundown open season on bachelors not fleet enough to evade the local spinsters. This painful adventure was Capp's idea of tender treatment for a magazine he had come to regard as an old friend. Says Capp: "Gee whiz, you've been so sweet to me over the years, it's sort of like kicking Santa Claus."

Some day, however, says Capp, he will be unable to restrain himself from giving TIME (or LIME, whose slogan is, "If you can't read it—eat it!") the full treatment which is customary in his comic strip, *L'il Abner*. Says he: "I'm surprised I haven't done a thorough job on it before, because it's a setup the whole country is familiar with." Then he adds with a thoughtful air: "I will inevitably do a complete massacre. The only way I can do a thorough job is with the gloves off. It's so easy to make a mortal enemy if you run a comic strip."

Capp says he has been a devoted TIME-reader for a long time and has been a subscriber "probably forever." Having been the subject of a number of TIME stories, he has come to know a number of our researchers. "I'm a great admirer of the TIME researcher," he says, "and I must have seen dozens of them. They're a most eager and sort of nice kind of girl. They believe that what they're doing is important."

If Capp is ever really brutal with the benighted staff members of LIME magazine, it will be at least partly because of his own experiences as a TIME cover sub-



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ject (Nov. 6, 1950). "For years I felt very badly that TIME had been doing covers of Joe DiMaggio, Churchill, Eisenhower, but not me. A couple of years ago, I was Sardi's and [Columnist] Leonard Lyons stopped by my table. He said: 'You ought to be on the cover of TIME.' I agreed that he was inspired. So he dragged me right over to [TIME Senior Editor] Joe Purtell, who was in the room at the time, and said: 'Capp ought to be on the cover of TIME.' I just stood there dying, but Purtell agreed it was a good idea."

Shortly after that, the Capp cover was scheduled and Associate Editor Paul O'Neil was assigned to write it. O'Neil, a good listener, frightened Capp at first. Says Capp: "All he would do was grunt for two days. Then he warmed up. I felt he was my friend. But the unusual thing about it was that you picked a guy to do the job who read my strip. I've had people from other magazines come up to interview me and say: 'Now about that strip you do—Lum & Abner.' I gradually came to expect that O'Neil would do a fair—maybe even a complimentary—story on me. What I never expected was the really sparkling story that finally came out."

Capp first expected that the cover story would run in July 1950. "But," he says, "July came & went. You had MacArthur, Stalin, General Bradley on the cover—no Capp. Then I told all my friends it would be in August. After that my two teen-age daughters went back to school in Septem-

ber and told all their friends. By October, I felt that everybody was snickering at me, so I just dropped it. I didn't call O'Neil; there was my pride to consider."

"Meanwhile, I was getting some idea of the research you were doing. Guys I hadn't seen in 30 years would call me from places like Phoenix, Ariz. and say: 'Look, Al, can you talk?' Is anyone around? A guy from TIME called me. He wants to get some old stories about you. He wants to know what you did in high school. Should I tell him?" But your research didn't confine itself to my friends. It dug out a few guys I never want to see again."

Capp is already thinking about his next issue of LIME. Says he: "What I could do next might be something like picking 'The Slob of the Year.' You know, somebody who looks like the characters who give endorsements in the patent medicine ads—the guys who look like nothing. Or maybe there could be a character called Disgusting Yukum—somebody so disgusting I can't let the public see his face. LIME, of course, would be compelled to run his face on the cover, because *this was news*. Everybody demanded it, so LIME has to do it for the public."

As he talks about it, a strange gleam lights Capp's eye.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



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"DON'T JUST STAND THERE...GET A DOCTOR"

"I was stunned. It was like a nightmare. There was the little girl, unconscious in her father's arms.

"I had been driving home late and a little too fast. I hit the brake when I saw the other car, and skidded into it. That poor little tot hit the windshield, hard. The next few minutes were a confusion of policemen . . . the ambulance siren . . . the crowd gathering.

"What a relief it is to find a friend who can give you competent help at a time like that! When I called the Liberty Mutual claims man, he went right to work for me. It was clear that I was at fault so Liberty Mutual took over my financial obligation promptly and cheerfully.

"Nothing can cure the remorse

which comes when you've hurt a child. But it was wonderful to hear that the little girl will make a good recovery . . . and to know that my responsibilities were well taken care of. Without my Liberty Mutual protection that accident could have meant financial ruin for me."

The Liberty Mutual claims man is

"your friend on the highway." He is a full-time representative of Liberty Mutual, thoroughly trained and serving no other companies or interests except yours as a policyholder. His help is as near as the nearest telephone, wherever you may be driving. There are Liberty Mutual offices in key cities throughout the United States, Canada and Hawaii.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

"With Renewed Confidence"

Dwight Eisenhower returned from Korea this week with a statement that put a new face on the U.S. attitude toward the Korean war. Whatever happens, the period of mindless drifting from peace talk to peace talk is clearly due to end.

In an informal statement after landing at La Guardia Field, he said: "Because one side wants peace doesn't make peace. We must go ahead and do things that induce the others to want peace also."

In a prepared statement, he elaborated this simple—and forgotten—theme. Said Ike:

"We face an enemy whom we cannot hope to impress by words, however eloquent, but only by deeds—executed under circumstances of our own choosing."

This sentence may be the key to a new U.S. policy in the struggle with world Communism. In that struggle the Communists have been, are and will continue to be the aggressors. But it does not follow that in all parts and phases of that struggle the U.S. and its allies should accept a merely passive, defensive role. Not all of the fight need be under circumstances chosen by the enemy. The policeman need not cede to the criminal all decision as to the pace and place and nature of the struggle.

Eisenhower did not specify his plans. He said:

"What I can publicly report is naturally limited. Until I assume the office of the presidency, it would be wrong for me to pretend to speak with the authority attaching to that office. Moreover, as we all know, certain aspects of battle problems cannot ever be discussed publicly"

However, he did give a few hints about the future:

"First: the training of R.O.K. forces can and should be expanded and speeded. This is my opinion and the unanimous opinion of the commanders on the scene.

"Second: in the strictly military sphere, certain problems of supply have reached rather serious proportions and require early correction.

"Finally, we must all recognize—in all our thinking and our planning—that the Korean war is but the most dramatic and most painful phase, for us at this moment, of our worldwide struggle against Communist aggression.

"This journey marks not the end but the beginning of a new effort to con-

clude honorably this phase of the global struggle

"All of us have long realized that there can be no simple formula for bringing a swift, victorious end to this war. But at the very least, that knowledge prepares us for whatever tough tasks lie ahead. Such spiritual preparedness in our embattled world is as necessary as physical armament. A free citizenry expecting its soldiers honorably to face the enemy must itself honestly face reality.

"I return, however, with renewed confidence that a satisfactory solution in Korea can be speeded. I know that it will demand common sense and care, much foresight and much patience. But no more in Korea than anywhere else in the world is honorable peace beyond the power of free men to achieve when they pursue it energetically and intelligently."

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

Neither Joking nor Singing

When Ike, the President-elect, had his say on policy and the Korean war, Ike, the old soldier, gave a few brief appraisals of the U.S. forces now in Korea. He said:

"They're doing just as fine a job as you people could possibly ask."

"It is the most splendidly clothed, cared for army that I think we've ever put in the field."

"It's a force that isn't the wisecracking force, I think, of World War II. It isn't the singing force of World War I. But they're young men who know they're out [there] doing a serious job—and they're doing it without whining and without complaining."

Mission Completed

The U.S.S. *Helena*, bearing the next President and his advisers, cruised for Hawaii under a sunny tropical sky. The Pacific's mood was good for pleasant cruising, and the admiral's cabin an equally pleasant place for palaver and planning. No phones distracted, no callers importuned as the men who will lead the U.S. mulled things over in oceanic seclusion. "We may never again have the opportunity to hold talks such as these aboard the ship," said the future Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. "They should pay dividends for many years."

Dwight Eisenhower worked indefatigably on a broad framework of policy. The specifics will not be unveiled until his Administration takes office on Jan. 20, but newsmen aboard the *Helena* reported the wide-ranging area of discussion: what to do about the Korean war, how to make use of the Chinese Nationalists on Formosa, a way to coordinate governmental departments, the budget, questions of politics, reclamation projects, the upcoming inaugural address.

Ike radioed General MacArthur when he heard that the Old Soldier had a "clear solution" for the Korean war (TIME, Dec. 15). He suggested a meeting with MacArthur and signed the message "With personal regard—Eisenhower." MacArthur's acceptance of the invitation closed with a grateful "My best to you, Ike. As always, MacArthur." Then word reached the *Helena* of Harry Truman's outburst in his



IKE ARRIVING IN NEW YORK
Only by deeds.

* For a more detailed appraisal of the Eighth Army, see INTERNATIONAL.



Associated Press

TRUMAN PRESS CONFERENCE
Fire away, said the President.

press conference (see below). Eisenhower quickly decided to ignore Truman's demagogic charge that Ike's trip to Korea was demagoguery. But newsmen found out how Ike felt: he was puzzled and shocked. An aide explained: Eisenhower believes the U.S. people want dignity restored to the presidency; they do not want their highest public office degraded by petty bickering and name-calling. Though Ike refused to become involved in a verbal brawl with Harry Truman, it looked as though future relations between the two men must be coldly formal at best.

Three Days of Golf. The heavy cruiser nosed up to Baker Dock in Pearl Harbor. Ike stood in the Hawaiian sunshine on the main deck. Tanned and fit, he came ashore to a rousing welcome, complete with honor guard, hula dancers, a lei of red carnations, and a motorcade tour of Honolulu.

Inside the officers' cottage set aside for him at the Kaneohe Marine Corps air station, Eisenhower shucked his tan jacket and cocoa-brown hat, changed into pink sports shirt, golf shoes and red baseball cap, and headed for Kaneohe's nine-hole Klipper golf course.

A letter from a young Hawaii housewife, blonde Mrs. Gordon Morse, touched the general to a quick and typical response.

"Dear Mr. Eisenhower," it read, "In the hustle & bustle of visiting the islands, we wonder if such a man as you doesn't get a little weary with the luncheons, teas and dinners? . . . If you have a spare hour or two and would like to relax, please consider our home as your own . . . We . . . would treasure the memory of your visit for a lifetime . . . We promise not to mention statehood for Hawaii, Korea, your Cabinet—or Mr. Truman. We will ask you about Mamie, your children, your grandchildren, and let you play with our six-months-old son . . . Hope that we have given a chuckle to a busy man with a big responsibility . . ."

THE PRESIDENCY

A Play in One Act

SCENE: the baroque conference room of the old State Department Building, Washington. The seats are three-quarters filled with reporters. On stage, center, is HARRY TRUMAN, in snappy dark blue suit, with a blue pocket handkerchief peeping out of his breast pocket, matching his blue silk tie. Around him, PHOTOGRAPHERS and NEWSREEL MEN cluster. They have been specially invited by the President to give the broadest possible sweep of publicity to what he has to say.

Q. (from a photographer): This way, Mr. President.

A. The President [who cannot be directly quoted because of White House protocol] said, All right, fire away. (Photographers move in close.)

Q. Can I have that two-handed gesture, Mr. President?

A. No, said the President. That's enough; let's go to work. (Photographers, undaunted, keep shooting; Press Secretary Roger Tubby shouts sternly: the President has said "enough." Cut the lights, please.)

Q. (photographers) Thank you, Mr. President.

A. All right, said the President. (Turning to reporters.) If you can think of any questions, the President will try to answer them.

Q. Mr. President, Senator Watkins has suggested that you invite both General Eisenhower and General MacArthur to the White House for a Korean strategy conference.

A. The President doesn't see any good purpose to be served by that but they are welcome to talk to him any time they want . . .

Q. Do you feel that it is MacArthur's duty to come forth with it if he has any plan?

A. Yes, said the President, certainly it is, certainly it is. MacArthur is on active duty and will be for the rest of his life.

Q. Have you talked with General MacArthur since you saw him on Wake Island?

A. No, said Truman. The President had a 14,400-mile trip to get a lot of misinformation and MacArthur didn't even have the courtesy of reporting when he came back here.⁸ The President has never seen him and doesn't want to see him. He should have reported to the President the moment he got in Washington. Any decent man would have done it.

Q. Mr. President, what misinformation did the general give you?

A. The President said that [MacArthur] said the Chinese would not come into Korea, that it would be possible to send a division of the Regular Army to



⁸ Although on April 19, 1951 MacArthur was formally received by, and addressed in joint session, the U.S. Congress.

Germany . . . This division was to come from Korea.

Q. Mr. President, the attorney general of Massachusetts, I believe, says you were urged during the campaign to announce you would go to Korea and that the war would be over by Christmas . . . Was that suggestion put up to you?

A. Yes, said Harry Truman, it was, and the President decided it wouldn't serve any purpose and would be just a piece of demagoguery, and that is what it has turned out to be.

Q. The current trip that is on now is a piece of demagoguery?

A. Yes, said the President, the announcement of that [Eisenhower] trip was a piece of demagoguery, and then, of course, he had to make it. He made the statement and he had to take it. (Press Secretary Tubby rockets from his chair, plucks at Harry Truman's sleeve and whispers hurriedly into his ear. Harry Truman mumbles something that sounds like: Oh, all right.) Roger suggested, Truman went on, that maybe some good might come out of the trip and if it does, the President will be the happiest man in the world. The President hopes some good will come out of it. (There are a few more scattered, unrelated questions and then a silence.)

Q. Does that about cover it, Mr. President? (Laughter.)

Harry Truman nods, chuckles with self-satisfaction and smiles to himself as wire-service reporters rush for the door.

THE ELECTION Now It's Official

One day this week, an old and vestigial political ceremony took place: the U.S. Electoral College gathered in the 48 state capitals and formally chose the nation's next President and Vice President. To nobody's surprise, they voted overwhelmingly (442 to 89) for Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon.

There is still another ceremonial step before the outcome of the Nov. 4 election can be constitutionally certified. From the state capitals, the electoral votes will be sent to Washington. There, on Jan. 6, a joint meeting of the Senate and House of Representatives will tot them up, once & for all.

On the eve of the Electoral College session, the states officially completed the count of the popular vote last November: 46,042,777 ballots were cast. Of these, 494,916 were voided, leaving 61,547,861 as the count for the record books, the largest ever in U.S. election history.

Q. To the Republicans went 55.1% of the vote; the Democrats got 44.4% and a negligible .5% went to the minor parties. The Republican gain over 1948 was 10%; the Democrats' loss was 5.1%. In 1948, minor parties took 5.4% of the vote.

Q. 63% of the adult population voted. This represented a marked upswing from the 52% who went to the polls in 1948. But it was still well below the 78.4% of all potential votes cast in 1880.

BEHIND THE SCENES New Chairman

When Michigan's Arthur Summerfield becomes Postmaster General next month, he will resign as Republican national chairman. Last week most of the G.O.P. speculation about Summerfield's successor was beamed toward one man: lean, relaxed Charles Wesley (Wes) Roberts, 48. Roberts was working on his family's weekly *Oskaloosa Independent* (circ. 1,400) when he plunged into Republican politics in 1936. With time out for a World War II stint in the Marines, he served the Kansas G.O.P. and its state administrations in various jobs until 1950, when he got out of active politics to start his own public-relations firm in Topeka and Holton. Late last year Kansas Senator Frank



George Skadding—Life
WES ROBERTS
On the beam.

Carlson brought him in as director of the national Ike headquarters. After the convention, he became the G.O.P. director of organization, tied together the professional organization and the amateur "citizens" groups. Frank Carlson and former Kansas Senator Harry Darby want Roberts for national chairman, and that may mean that Ike will want him too.

Corraling a Maverick

Whenever two or more Republican Senators get together these days, there is talk about organization of the 83rd Congress. A question that often comes up: what to do about Oregon's Wayne Morse, the Fair Dealer with the Republican label who read himself out of the G.O.P. this year and supported the Democratic national ticket. Last week the G.O.P. Senators had not found the answer, but they were showing unusual interest in a Republican historical note. When the 69th Congress convened in March 1955, the Republicans in the Senate refused to give four of their col-

leagues any new committee assignments and basted them to the bottom of the seniority list on their previously assigned committees. The four were Wisconsin's Bob La Follette, Iowa's Smith Brookhart, North Dakota's Lynn Frazier and Edwin Ladd. All had worked for La Follette's election as President on the Progressive ticket, opposing Calvin Coolidge. The best guess is that Maverick Morse will be similarly corralled in 1953, i.e., will be bumped to the bottom of the Armed Services and Labor Committees, on which he already is seated, and will get no other assignments.

Clarification of Ifs

There was little change of positions last week in the Senate majority leadership outlook. New Hampshire's Styles Bridges was still the leading prospect; Ohio's Robert A. Taft could not be counted out. But there was some clarification of ifs:

Q. Bridges let it be known that he wants to be chairman of the purse-holding Appropriations Committee even if he is majority leader. That means the committee will be far more efficient than it was in the last session under Tennessee's dithering, dawdling Kenneth McKellar. Bridges runs a busy, direct-action committee.

Q. Bob Taft let it be known that he will not stay on as chairman of the Labor Committee if he becomes majority leader. The man who would probably take over the committee: New Jersey's friendly-to-labor H. Alexander Smith.

Stand-By & Indirect

Hardly any Republican in Congress approves of the Truman Administration's floundering stabilization program. Nevertheless, Republicans do not plan to end all wage and price controls immediately after Jan. 20. Key G.O.P. Senators and Representatives want to give the new Administration a chance to work out an attitude toward controls. Michigan's Representative Jesse Wolcott and Indiana's Senator Homer Capehart, who will head the committees most interested in controls, plan public hearings in early February. The general course Wolcott would like to chart:

Q. Abandon most direct controls (notable exception: retain rent controls in really "critical" areas).

Q. Establish a stand-by controls system.

Q. Use indirect anti-inflation measures, such as increasing the percentage of gold (now 25%) behind Federal Reserve notes.

One big problem: how to set up a trigger mechanism which will throw the stand-by controls into gear if they are needed, but will not keep business in a state of uncertainty.

Deficit in the Deficit

The fiscal hole that the U.S. Government is digging itself into this year will not be as deep as expected. Last August the Bureau of the Budget forecast a deficit of \$10.3 billion for the fiscal year ending next June 30. Recent "informed"

guesses have been about \$5 billion. This week, however, the best indications are that the deficit will be about \$3 billion. One reason for the deficit in the deficit: defense expenditures will be much lower than anticipated, partly because of bottlenecks in aircraft production.

NEW ADMINISTRATION

Three for the Money

One of the soggiest spots in the New Deal and Fair Deal Administrations was the fiscal area, where both Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman were prone to appoint professor-type economic theorists and ward-type politicians. Last week there were clear and specific indications of a solid change in attitude under the new Administration. They came as Dwight Eisenhower's New York headquarters announced the appointment of three men as top assistants to Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey. Flanking the new Secretary, who has demonstrated his own ability in the field of fiscal policy, will be three topflight working economists from the fields of business, law and banking, all with experience in government. The three:

¶ Marion Bayard Folsom, 59, of Rochester, treasurer of the \$464 million Eastman Kodak Co., who will be Under Secretary, giving particular attention to tax policies. Folsom served (1934-35) on the council which developed the Social Security program and on other business advisory groups appointed by Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. Since 1950 he has been the brilliant chairman of the Committee for Economic Development, a private, nonprofit research organization.

¶ Horace Chapman ("Chappie") Rose, 45, Cleveland corporation lawyer, who will be Assistant Secretary. Rose's firm (Jones, Day, Cockley & Reavis) represents Humphrey's mammoth M. A. Hanna Co., and his estate in the Cleveland suburbs neighbors Humphrey's. No stranger on the Washington scene, Rose served as secretary to Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes after he graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1931, was stationed in the Pentagon as an Army colonel during World War II, served as director of war contract settlement for the Government in 1946.

¶ Warren Randolph Burgess, 63, chairman of the executive committee of the National City Bank of New York (the nation's second largest bank), who will be consultant and special deputy on debt management and monetary policies. Burgess was vice president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York before he went to National City in 1938, and for eight years (1930-38) handled the open market operation in Government securities which his reserve bank ran for the Government. He wrote *The Reserve Banks and the Money Market*, a book widely recognized in the financial field. A fiscal conservative, he has said that the nation's long-run monetary policy should aim toward a return to the gold standard.

THE SUPREME COURT

The Segregation Issue

For more than a year, the big & little guns of the South have been lobbing ominous shells in the direction of the U.S. Supreme Court. Said Georgia's Governor Herman Talmadge: "As long as I am governor, Negroes will not be admitted to white schools." Popped Grand Dragon Bill Hendrix of the Ku Klux Klan: if segregation is abolished, "the American Confederate Army" will march in armed rebellion. Cried South Carolina's Governor Jimmy Byrnes: "South Carolina will not, now nor for some years to come, mix white and colored children in our schools. If the court changes what is now the law of the land [so that we cannot] maintain segregation . . . we will abandon the publication . . .



LAWYER DAVIS
Is a state's right wrong?

International

school system. To do that would be choosing the lesser of two great evils."

Last week, far from shell-shocked, but obviously aware that it was dealing with high explosives, the Supreme Court settled back to listen to three days of argument on the U.S.'s sharpest social issue: segregation of Negroes and whites in public schools. Segregation is mandatory under the laws of 17 states, and is legal if local districts want it, in four others.* Before the court were cases from four states (South Carolina, Virginia, Delaware and Kansas) and the District of Columbia. The cases varied in detail, but they added

* The 17: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia. The four "permissive" states: Arizona, Kansas, New Mexico and Wyoming. The District of Columbia falls somewhere in between: the schools have always been segregated and Congress has officially recognized the fact without actually ordering segregation.

up to a carefully coordinated effort by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and other Negro groups to force the court into a far-reaching decision. The court chamber was packed for the hearings, and the waiting line (unsegregated) stretched out the doors through the long marble corridor and down the front steps.

Strange Rebuttal. The main objective of the N.A.A.C.P.'s lawyers was to carry the court beyond the "separate but equal" ruling laid down in the *Plessy v. Ferguson* case in 1896; i.e., segregated facilities are constitutional so long as Negro facilities are equal to those for whites.

The N.A.A.C.P. lawyers turned scornfully on segregation in the nation's capital. "There is no place for a segregated school system in the capital of the free world," said Counsel James M. Nabrit Jr. Attorney George Hayes argued that segregation, imposed by the District's board of education, deprives Negroes "of their liberty and property without due process of law," a violation of the Fifth Amendment.

The District's lawyers had a strange rebuttal. Congress established Washington's separate Negro schools in 1862 to "elevate" the ex-slaves, said Assistant Corporation Counsel Milton Korman. Washington Negroes have never had non-segregated education, hence "they haven't enjoyed any right that has been taken away from them." Congress had repeatedly voted funds for separate schools and even for an assistant superintendent for Negro schools, so it has accepted segregation in fact, he said.

A Vast Congregation. In the four other cases, the N.A.A.C.P. lawyers demanded the overturn of segregation because state segregation laws violate the 14th Amendment's promise of "equal protection of the laws." Said N.A.A.C.P.'s Lawyer Thurgood Marshall: "You cannot use race as a basis for classification . . . If Ralph Bunche were assigned to South Carolina his children would have to go to a Jim Crow school." But the defense's distinguished John W. Davis,* 79 (retained by the state of South Carolina), argued that the 14th Amendment has nothing to do with "the right of a state to classify pupils in its public schools on the basis of sex or age or mental capacity or race." Obviously, said Davis, Congress doesn't view the Constitution as a bar to segregation in the District of Columbia.

"Is it not a fact that the very strength and fiber of our federal system is local self-government in those matters for which local action is competent?" asked Davis. "Is it not of all the activities of government the one which most nearly approaches the hearts and minds of people: the question of the education of their young? Is it not the height of wisdom that the manner in which that shall be conducted should be left to those most immediately affected by it . . . ? I re-

* For other news of Attorney Davis, see EDUCATION.

specifically submit to the court that there is no reason assigned here why this court or any other should reverse the findings of 90 years."

Marshall replied, in effect, that segregated school facilities cannot be equal, that "racial discriminations in and of themselves are invidious" and unconstitutional. From the bench Justice Stanley Reed bore in on Lawyer Marshall: "Have the states the right to weigh the advantages and disadvantages of segregation and require equality of equipment, for instance?" Said Marshall: "Yes, sir." Justice Felix Frankfurter had a tougher one: "Do you really think it helps us not to recognize that behind this are certain facts of life? The question is whether a [state] legislature can address itself to those facts of life in spite of, or within, the 14th Amendment?" Was it an "irrelevant consideration," pressed Frankfurter, to remember that some states have "a vast congregation of Negro population, and some don't? . . . Can you escape those sociological facts, Mr. Marshall?"

"No, I cannot escape it," replied Marshall. "But if I did . . . I would have to throw completely aside the personal and present rights of these [Negroes]."

Drastic Alternatives. The sociological facts beyond the courtroom were evident to any newspaper-reading Justice. To many a powerful, conservative Southerner, school segregation symbolizes the last major barrier before that final day when Negroes and whites will intermingle socially—perhaps even marry. In Southern localities where Negroes outnumber whites, the whites believe that an end to segregation would shatter the established pattern of living.

Last year Herman Talmadge's Georgia legislature decided that any school district which did not provide separate schools would automatically lose its state funds. If segregation is declared unconstitutional, Georgia intends to turn the schools over to private operators and some how parcel state funds to individual students and let them "arrange" for their own education. Last month South Carolina voted (2-1) for a state amendment authorizing the end of the public-school system (which the legislature presumably would ratify if the Supreme Court rules against segregation). The schools would be turned over to churches or other private groups. Not all Southern states intend to be so drastic: Virginia and Alabama have rejected the Georgia-South Carolina plan, but they and the others are prepared to fight a long legal delaying battle to hang on to segregation.

Double Burden. Most Southern states are building new Negro schools which are as good as white schools, or have acknowledged that facilities are unequal and have taken steps to do something about it. Some of the steps have been drastic and far-reaching: e.g., South Carolina's \$75 million bond issue for construction of Negro schools. Nevertheless, it will be many a year before Negro school facilities in most Southern states are equal to white.

The South is painfully aware that "separate but equal," if fully carried out, imposes a double tax burden which most communities cannot stand. And therein lies the hope of Southern reformers for an evolutionary answer to segregation without a drastic new court decision. Some Southern school districts would rather combine white and Negro schools than accept the burden of separate and equal. Already, more than half the Southern states, in obedience to court orders for separate but equal colleges, have quietly permitted Negro college students to go to school with white students because construction of separate colleges is obviously impossible.*

Last week the disagreeing lawyers broadly agreed that a court decision which wrought an overnight change would be



OVERFLOW CROWD AT SUPREME COURT HEARING
Can separate be equal?

International

harmful. The Department of Justice, as a "friend of the court," reminded the Justices that the court often provides for "gradual relocation" in its sweeping anti-trust decrees. N.A.A.C.P. Lawyer Marshall suggested that, once the principle of non-segregation is established, the Southern school boards might soften the blow by redistricting (as does many a Northern school board) so that most Negroes would attend one school and most whites another. (This proposal Frankfurter contemptuously rated as "gerrymandering.")

How thorny the Supreme Court may find the problem was indicated last week as the Justices disappeared behind their red curtain. Word spread that they might not rule on these cases until late next spring.

* British magazines and newspapers, in reporting last week's Supreme Court hearings, missed an interesting statistic: the percentage of U.S. Negroes attending college (.5%) is higher than the percentage of the entire British population attending college (.2%).

POLITICAL NOTES

Not a Knockout

New York State's battered, bruised and divided Democratic organization met in Manhattan last week to select a new leader, and quickly decided that for all its sickness it was still faithful to the memory of Harry S. Truman.

As state chairman, the central committee chose Richard H. Balch (pronounced bawltch), a wealthy and genial fishing-tackle manufacturer from Utica. Behind Balch was the Fair Deal wing of the party, led by ailing Bronx Boss Ed Flynn, Mutual Security Director W. Averell Harriman and Representative Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr. Behind the loser—one William H. Morgan of Cortland—was the conservative wing, led by former

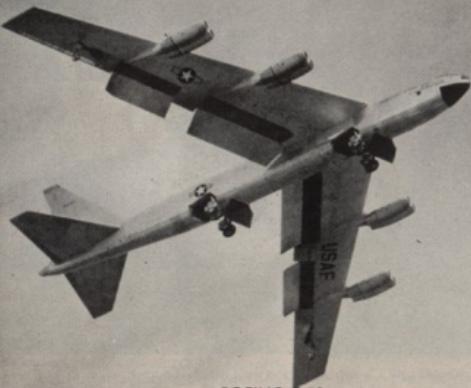
National Chairman and Postmaster General (1933-40) James A. Farley. After his election, Balch promptly demonstrated that his organization is still seriously divided: he hinted broadly that he didn't even consider Old Headmaster Farley a "real Democrat."

Some political pundits thought all this a serious setback for Jim Farley's effort to regain a position of power in the New York organization. They thought it meant that the Democratic nominee for governor in 1954 will be Harriman or Roosevelt, and not Farley. However, a close look at the vote prompted some second thoughts. With most of the organization's wheels against him, Farley had managed to get 104 votes for his man to 181 for Balch. Farley's side got more votes than Balch did outside of New York City. This was not a bad showing for a man who has done little but shake hands in the back of the hall for the past eight years. Big Jim had been knocked down in an early round, but he could not be counted out.

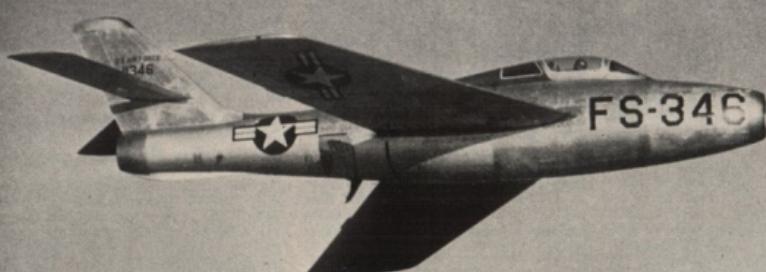
NEWS IN PICTURES



NORTH AMERICAN F-86D



BOEING B-52



REPUBLIC F-84F

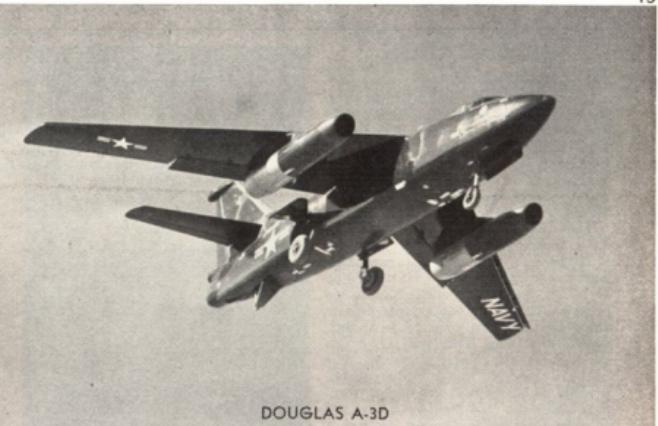
U.S. JETS This week, as a year-long celebration of aviation's 50th anniversary begins at Kitty Hawk, N.C. (where the Wright Brothers' flimsy biplane wobbled 120 uncertain feet above the Hatteras sand), strange shapes are hurtling through Jet Age skies. Pictured here are the newest U.S. military jets. All, except the Air Force's 500-m.p.h. B-52 bomber, are in the transonic class of 650 m.p.h. or better.

The F-86D Sabrejet has accounted for most of the MiGs shot down in Korea. The Navy's F-4D Skyray is a fighter of daring tailless design, and its twin-jet A-3D is the largest carrier-based plane ever built (like the B-52, it can carry the A-bomb). The Air Force's F-94C Starfire is an all-weather rocket-firing interceptor, and its XF-92A (now in production as the F-102) is the U.S.'s first true delta-wing fighter. Sharp contrasts in concept are the Thunderstreak, swept-wing F-84F fighter-bomber, and the Navy's F-7U twin-jet tailless fighter, the Cutlass.

Last week, Air Force Secretary Thomas Finletter hinted at even more spectacular U.S. performers soon to come: combat planes able to fly more than twice the speed of sound.



DOUGLAS F-4D



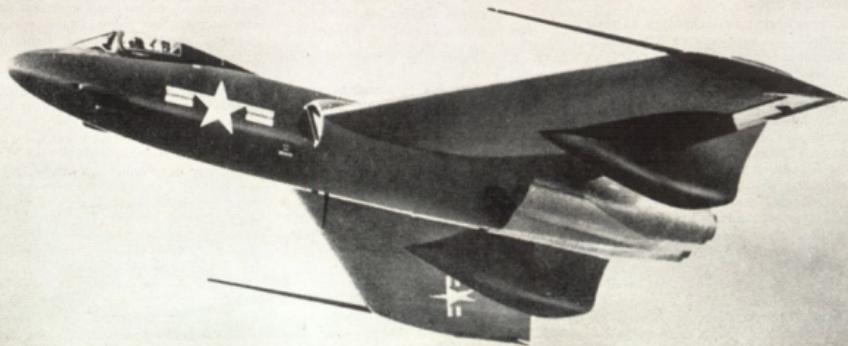
DOUGLAS A-3D



LOCKHEED F-94C



CONVAIR XF-92A



CHANCE VOUGHT F-7U

MOBILIZATION

Tanks on Schedule

The U.S. mobilization that began with the Korean war has been notable for snafus and stretch-outs. Last week the Department of the Army announced that two important items of defense production were right on schedule. Production of medium tanks and 2½-ton military trucks will be tapered off.

The 1951 mobilization plan outlined three successive phases: first, expansion of the bases of production, i.e., raw materials and plant capacity; next, stepped-up (but not all-out) production until the needs of the U.S.'s 3,600,000-man defense force and its allies were covered; and, finally, throttling down to output for replacement only. After phase No. 3 is achieved, the U.S. will be geared for immediate all-out military production whenever necessary. The plan was to be fulfilled in three years, but last January it was stretched out for a year or more.

Some time next year, the output of medium tanks and 2½-ton trucks will reach phase No. 3.

Aircraft production is another story entirely. The *Wall Street Journal* reported last week that production difficulties are forcing another stretch-out of plane deliveries. Under Secretary of the Air Force Roswell L. Gilpatric hurriedly denied any slowdown or "any major lag in the program as a whole."

In November, said Gilpatric, aircraft deliveries to the Air Force reached 666, highest monthly mark since World War II. Though encouraging, the figure was still about 100 behind the stretched-out schedule set earlier this year. Gilpatric admitted production difficulties on the Northrop F-89 Scorpion and the Republic F-84F Thunderstreak.

In short, aircraft output is rising but is still bogged down in phase No. 2 with phase No. 3 not yet in sight.

ARMED FORCES

Armored Shorts

With 20th century technology at their command, U.S. fighting men have nearly succeeded in achieving the degree of invulnerability enjoyed by 14th century knights. Armored vests capable of deflecting almost any small missile except high velocity bullets have saved the lives of hundreds of G.I.s and marines in Korea. Last week both the Army and Marine Corps announced the development of another protective garment—armored shorts. Cut like boxers' shorts and constructed of twelve layers of laminated nylon duck encased in a plastic and nylon fabric, the Army's "lower torso armor" will weigh 4 lbs. (Weight of vest and shorts together: 12 lbs.). Marine Corps armored shorts, which weigh about a pound less than the Army version, have been in experimental use in Korea since early November. The reaction of marines who have worn them in combat: "Favorable."

Kes? Yes!

As one of the few Sikhs ever born in Boston, 22-year-old Walter Israel NeHalsingh speaks English with a Back Bay accent and has dropped many of his warrior caste's ancient ways. Walter's India-born father is a Harvard man, and Walter is a graduate of Tufts. It seemed only logical to cease wearing *kachh* (pants cut off at the knee), *kara* (iron bangles on the wrist) and a *kirpan* (a small dag-



Associated Press

PRIVATE NEHALSINGH

No *kachh*, no *kara*, no *kirpan*.

ger). But Walter has always observed two of the five "Ks" dictated by his religion: he wears *kes* (unshorn hair) and carries a *khanda* (a ceremonial comb).

When he was drafted into the Army, Walter wrote President Truman for permission to keep his long hair. The Army, after due deliberation, agreed not to dismiss him. Last week, as a basic trainee at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Walter was absolutely the only private in the U.S. Army with hair 37 inches long. Sikhs serving in British forces wear their hair in turbans, but Private NeHalsingh wears his locks in a horsetail down his back—an arrangement which enables him to get a steel helmet over his head. Nobody laughs. Said Sergeant John J. Quigley last week of Warrior NeHalsingh: "A good soldier if I ever saw one."

Battle Renewed

The long-smoldering war between the U.S. Navy and the U.S. Air Force is blazing again in the corridors of the Pentagon with the fiercest intensity since the "revolt of the admirals" in 1949. One reason is that the services, after the fat days of Korean war appropriations, are beginning to scramble for funds in anticipation of leaner days under Eisenhower. Another is that, as Inauguration Day grows closer, retiring Defense Secretary Bob Lovett is losing his firm grip. A third and more fundamental reason is that the Navy is certain it has finally found a method (secret) for mastering Russia's submarine threat, now feels free to turn more of its energies to the expansion of naval aviation.

This week the Navy hopes to lay the keel for the second of ten proposed \$220 million flush-deck carriers of the *Forrestal* class. The Navy got the money for the carrier by an end run around the Joint Chiefs of Staff, by pressuring Congress and convincing Defense Secretary Lovett. With quiet confidence, the Navy thinks it can get enough money to complete its program of ten supercarriers. In desperation, the Air Force is starting to squawk covertly through its unofficial mouthpiece, *Air Force* magazine, and publicly in the steel-edged speeches of Under Secretary Roswell Gilpatric.

Conviction. Underlying the argument is the old Air Force suspicion that the Navy is poaching on its area of strategic bombing. The Air Force is more & more convinced that strategic bombing offers the only way to win victory in the heart of Russia, that the carrier is a wasteful and militarily unsound offensive weapon for World War III. Among points made by the Air Force:

¶ Carrier warfare is exorbitantly expensive: a carrier task group consists of four carriers, must be supported by six cruisers or battleships, 30 destroyers, four scouting submarines, a minesweeping force, and a train of tankers and supply ships. By rough estimate (the Navy will not talk cost figures), such a force with flush-deck carriers costs \$2.5 billion. One B-50 bomber group, plus cost of air base, fighter protection, fuel, men and antiaircraft guns costs less than one of the new carriers completely armed. And the B-50 group can deliver about 15 times as much bomb tonnage to the enemy in a given period of time as can a carrier task group.

¶ Carrier warfare is inefficient: a carrier task group can mount 450 fighting planes, but half of these must be kept overhead or on the decks, ready to defend the ships themselves. Available for on-target attack: 225 planes out of a \$2.5 billion investment. Navy answer: a task group can move 300 miles overnight and fight some place else; a captured air base is no good at all.

¶ Carrier striking power is short-lived: a task group can maintain full-scale operations for only 2½ days before it must withdraw and refuel.

¶ Carriers are vulnerable to weather which does not stop land-based aircraft. In Exercise Mainbrace last September, a task group was assigned the job of protecting part of Scandinavia during a supposed attack "by a hypothetical Eurasian power." The Scandinavians were not impressed by the performance of the defenders. Carrier *Midway's* hangar deck was damaged by heavy seas, and aerial operations were virtually shut down during two days of storms. The Navy's answer: "in actual war it would launch more planes, take greater operational risks.

¶ Carriers are vulnerable to attack by land-based planes. A ship shows up plainly on an attacking plane's radar; a low-flying plane sometimes doesn't show up at all on a ship's radar. The Navy's answer: no land-based bomber—including the Japanese *Kamikaze*—has ever sunk a U.S. carrier while the carrier was traveling in a task group.

¶ Carriers are easy targets for submarines and mines, and Russia has an enormous supply of mines and the world's largest submarine fleet. During Mainbrace, virtually every major U.S. ship was theoretically torpedoed by antiquated British submarines. The Navy's answer: it now has a secret and foolproof anti-submarine device, which it won't discuss.

If war comes, the Air Force would send its bombers (B-36s, B-50s, B-29s and the jet B-47) into Russia from every possible angle of the compass. This, says the Air Force, should be the primary mission of the U.S. armed forces. Under this concept, the principal job of the Army would be to defend Air Force bases and the principal job of the Navy to keep open the sea lanes and provide fuel and supplies for the overseas Air Force and Army. The Navy can do the job, says the Air Force, with the carriers it now has in service and in mothballs—a total of 102.

Thin-Out v. Concentration. The Navy contends that its primary mission of patrolling the seas means that it must be able to atom-bomb the coastal enemy air and submarine bases which threaten the seas. For this it needs bigger and faster jet planes, and for faster planes it needs the ten carriers of the *Forrestal* class. At



U.S. Army

LIEUT. COLONEL GALLOWAY

"Wholesome, energetic, efficient."

At this point the Air Force starts around its argumentative circle again: the Air Force, it says, can handle any major shore bombardments more effectively and more cheaply. And it needs to supplement its B-47 attack force with the money about to be spent on new carriers.

So far, the Air Force seems to have the edge in the public and semi-public argument. But, strangely, the Navy is advancing the chance for counter-argument. Orders have gone out from Chief of Naval Operations Bill Fechteler to naval officers and the Navy's own unofficial helpmates (e.g., the Navy League) to keep buttoned up. Reason: in the B-56 hearings, the Navy observed that the Air Force won public sympathy, and concluded it was because the Air Force was the underdog. This time the admirals are prepared to stand by in martyred silence while the Air Force, crying that its jurisdiction is invaded, picks on the carriers. The struggle is to see which one will turn out to be 1953's Underdog in the Manger.

Salute for Irene

Any lingering doubt that the Women's Army Corps (present strength: 12,000) has not become a part of the regular Army in spirit as well as fact was dispelled last week with the appointment of its fourth director, Lieut. Colonel Irene O. Galloway of Carroll County, Iowa. The announcement that Miss Galloway is to succeed Colonel Mary A. Hallaren in the WAC high command not only avoided feminine gushiness but actually achieved the box-score inscrutability which has been the hallmark of soldierly prose from time immemorial.

It simply listed the lady lieutenant colonel's schools (Boyles Business College, Omaha, Neb., the University of Maryland Extension in Heidelberg, Germany), her record in ten years in uniform (her present post: chief of the WAC Training Center, Fort Lee, Va.) and her medals (Commendation Ribbon, Army of Occupation WAAC; American Theater and European Theater Ribbons, World War II). The present director's comment on her successor—"wholesome, energetic and efficient"—was also regular (male generals usually refer to their successors as "fearless, brilliant and dynamic"). But it was evident, nevertheless, that WAC brass is still feminine in exercising at least one prerogative of command—Lieut. Colonel Galloway's age (44) was listed nowhere in her official biography.

CITIES

For 60,000 People

Most U.S. cities, growing up haphazardly from cowpath to Main Street, needed 100 years or more before their population reached the 60,000 mark. But in Bucks County, Pa., a new city for 60,000 people is rising dramatically from 5,000 acres that were wood lot and farmland less than a year ago. By 1954's end, if all goes according to plan, Levittown, Pa. will be a complete community, ranking in size with such older Quaker State sisters as Bethlehem, York, Lancaster, Johnstown and Chester.

The current issue of *HOUSE & HOME*



Lionel Freedman—*House & Home*

LEVITTOWN, PA.
In less than a year, from cowpath to Main Street.

reporting on the new city's construction, says: "Nothing like it has ever happened before. This is the free enterprise system at its lustiest."

The free enterprisers making the building miracle come to pass are the famed team who gave their name to suburban Levittown on New York's Long Island: brothers William and Alfred and father Abraham Levitt. Says *House & Home*:

"In Levittown I, the Levitts didn't know their own strength. They bought land in relatively small parcels and gradually built a town. Of necessity the town grew irregularly, streets were sometimes a maze, commercial areas were located by chance."

Levittown II is all plan and purpose, down to the location and design of every house, store, school, road, park, playground, filling station and small factory site. The Levitts have even chosen the colors of the houses, named the streets, decided where to plant 250,000 trees and shrubs and "carried their meticulous construction to point where 8 lbs. of yellow nails are delivered (*on time*) to every seventh house—which happens to have yellow siding."

Details from the blueprint of the new city:

¶ Eight "master blocks," each covering about 1 sq. mi. and having at its center a school, churches, recreation area and swimming pool.

¶ Three or four "neighborhoods" of 400 to 600 families within each master block.

¶ Segregated areas for business and light industry.

¶ A main shopping center (55 acres) conveniently located near the downtown business district. Some 500 applications for space have poured in from merchants; the city's shopping center will probably become a center for all of lower Bucks County within a radius of 15 to 25 miles. There will also be small groups of neighborhood stores (food, drugs, etc.).

¶ Doctors, dentists, lawyers and other professionals will have a special building off the shopping center.

¶ Streets are carefully plotted—through roads for fast traffic, all residences within easy, safe walking distance of schools (saving the expense of school buses).

¶ No parks just for sitting (the Levitts found on Long Island that people prefer to sit in their own yards, want parks for swimming, sports, etc.), but plenty of recreational grounds and athletic fields.

The Levitts' standard house (two bedrooms, a study-bedroom, bath, kitchen, living room, carport with storage space) will sell for \$10,500. For those who can pay for more, there will be a bigger house priced up to \$18,000.

More than 3,200 families have already moved into partially built Levittown. They, and those who will follow them, are part of a fabulous industrial expansion in the Delaware Valley north of Philadelphia. Last week U.S. Steel's huge new Fairless Works poured its first iron (see *BUSINESS & FINANCE*). The furnaces and forges of Fairless are only 3 miles from the gardens and homes of Levittown II.

FLORIDA

First Fruits

In late 1951, Florida was swept by a storm of racial violence. Miami's Carver Village, a housing development newly opened to Negroes, was three times the target of dynamite bombings; similar attacks were made on synagogues and a Catholic church. The climactic outrage came last Christmas when Harry Moore, state coordinator for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and his wife were killed in the bombing of their home at Mims, Fla.

Within a few days of the Moore murders, a small army of FBI men invaded Florida to investigate the bombings. A federal grand jury, which included three Negroes, heard 50 witnesses, many of



Stan Wayman—Miami Herald
MRS. HELEN RUSSELL
"I've never lied in my life."

whom were members or former members of the Ku Klux Klan.

Last week the long investigation bore its first fruits. Four of the witnesses who had appeared before the grand jury were indicted for perjury. To Miami's astonishment, one of those accused was Mrs. Helen Russell, 55, wife of a railroad engineer and onetime Sunday-school teacher. As vice president of a local civic association, Mrs. Russell had led agitation against admission of Negroes to Carver Village. According to the grand jury, she had lied under oath when she denied asking Ku Klux Klan assistance in her drive to prevent Negroes from moving into the housing development. She had perjured herself again, it was charged, when she denied acquaintance with four Klan officers. Sobbed Mrs. Russell last week: "I've never lied in my life . . . I've got a fine husband and two daughters. I've never even been in traffic court."

ESPIONAGE

Russian at the Back Door

A widespread U.S. suspicion that the U.N. is used as a convenient back door by spies and other subversive characters was strengthened last week.

¶ The U.S. delegation to the U.N. announced that it had requested the dismissal of a high Russian staff member for attempted espionage. The accused: Nikolai Skvortsov, 39, special assistant to U.N.'s Assistant Secretary General for Security Council Affairs, Constantin Zinchenko. Skvortsov never seemed to do much work; he just spent an unusual amount of time chatting with non-Russians. The State Department learned a year ago that Skvortsov was engaged in espionage. While Skvortsov was visiting Moscow last summer, the U.S. told Secretary General Trygve Lie that it hoped he would not be allowed to return.

¶ The McCarran Committee learned from State Department officials that since 1949 the Department has told the U.N. that 40 of the 1,794 Americans on the U.N.'s staff were bad security risks. Twenty-six had been fired by Lie. Fourteen others were still on the U.N. payroll because, said Lie, the State Department had not given him any evidence supporting the charges. Senator Alexander Wiley, a member of the U.S. delegation, accused State of "willful blindness" in the matter, chided Lie for not looking into the employees' record on his own, and said that the U.S. might withhold money for U.N. unless a sound U.N. security plan is devised.

SEQUELS

Billy's Last Words

When he was a five-year-old boy in Joplin, Mo., William Edward Cook was pushed out into the world on his own; his ne'er-do-well father abandoned him in a deserted mine cave. Because he had a deformed right eyelid nobody wanted to adopt him. By the time Billy was 21 he had served time in both Missouri reform schools and the state penitentiary, had the words H-A-R-D L-U-C-K tattooed on the fingers of his left hand and had resolved to "live by the gun." During a murderous, 22-day rampage Billy vented his rage at society (*TIME*, Jan. 22, 1951).

Coursing around the country in stolen cars, he kidnapped nine people, killed six of them. He threw five of his victims—Carl Mosser of Atwood, Ill., his wife and three children—down a well in Joplin. He shot the sixth, Seattle Salesman Robert Dewey, on the Southern California desert. He was caught in Mexico, returned to Oklahoma City to answer for the Mosser killings, and sentenced to 300 years in prison. But last year a California jury sentenced him to death for killing Salesman Dewey. Last week Billy Cook walked into the gas chamber at San Quentin, breathed cyanide fumes and paid the penalty for murder. "I hate everybody's guts," he said at the time of his arrest, "and everybody hates mine."

INTERNATIONAL

NORTH AFRICA

To Create Martyrs

It was Sunday in Manhattan, and the diplomats of the United Nations had postponed for a day their discussion of France's troubles with her rebellious North African protectorates, Morocco and Tunisia. But fanaticism knows no holidays, and in North Africa itself, Arab nationalists, urged on by the Communists, were busy seeking ways to exploit the latest incident.

Few of the 500,000 Arabs and 120,000 Frenchmen in Morocco's teeming, gaudy boomtown Casablanca, some 1,000 miles from the scene of the murder, had even heard of the victim, Tunisian Labor Leader Farhat Hached (TIME, Dec. 15). Yet Casablanca's Nationalist daily *El Alam* that day urged all Moroccan workers to mourn his death in a general strike. At a strike meeting in the headquarters of the General Union of Moroccan Syndicates, Abdesslem Jibli, knife-faced, hot-eyed Arab leader, fanned the flame of hatred for France before a crowd of some 1,700 turbaned Arabs and serge-suited French Communists. His listeners answered with frenzied screams and gesticulations. In the midst of the hubbub, a French undercover agent slipped away to report the temper of the meeting to French Administrator Philippe Boniface. Boniface hurried to his Moroccan counterpart, bearded Mohammed El Mokri, Pasha of Casablanca.

Can Town. Soon afterward, the pasha's runners, some 400 men in high red conical hats, whose duty is to cry their master's will to the people, were racing through the streets crying: "Workmen, you must go to work tomorrow. Shopkeepers, your shops must remain open!" Frenchmen who heard and understood nodded in satisfaction; maybe there would be no trouble after all. But in the vast jungle of tin-roofed hovels known locally as Bidonville (Can Town), an angry mob was forming. There the criers were beaten up before they could deliver their message. Glib agitators harangued little knots of Arabs while others began hiding stones under their burnooses. From shack after shack came the ominous scrape of crude knives being honed.

At 10 that night, a shower of stones fell on the roof of an isolated police station just across the dung-strewn road from Can Town, and within seconds the police were inundated by Arab rioters. "They appeared as if by magic," said one of the eight policemen on duty, "out of the ground, from holes in the wall. It was unbelievable. One minute the street was deserted. The next minute it was filled with a horde of madmen screaming for blood." The police fired at short range killing some 20 Arabs.

A Quick Look. Next morning the peaceful clop-clop of fiacres on the Boulevard du Quatrième Zouaves was interrupted by the rumble of trucks filled with

Berber troops and the quick march of the blue-black Senegalese riflemen. They were met by a mob of some 10,000 screaming Arabs armed with sticks, stones and anything else that could pierce or bludgeon. Hard-bitten French Commandant Louis Durand three times commanded the mob to halt. As the Arabs continued to surge forward, Durand gave the order; the crack of rifle fire split the air and an estimated 40 Arabs dropped. The rest dispersed to carry on the fight from rooftops and doorways. French observation planes circled overhead to keep track of other mobs snaking angrily through the city.

In a quiet apartment on the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, 70-year-old Louis Ribes, a former French colonial adminis-



United Press

GENERAL GUILLAUME
He blamed friend and foe alike.

tator, turned to a friend. "I'd like to know more of what's happening," he said. "I think I'll drive out and have a look." "My friend, please don't," begged the other. But Ribes was determined. Two hours later, a body was found with head crushed, eyes gouged out, throat and trunk slashed and torn beyond recognition. From the tailor's label in the shreds of the suit, the body was identified as that of Louis Ribes. Two young cyclists who had followed Ribes' car for safety suffered the same fate. The bodies of three more Frenchmen were found later, two so badly mutilated that at first police thought they were women.

Shoehorns & Scimitars. At the end of the two days of rioting, some 3,000 Arabs were rounded up in the same union hall where the trouble began. As the police forced them into a sullen huddle, the hall was filled with the clatter of weapons—clasp knives, ice picks, scimitars, poniards, shoe-horns, hatchets, fire tongs

and brass knuckles—falling to the floor.

Net score after two troubled days: 1,000 arrests; 100 or more Arab dead, 60 known wounded and probably many more cared for by their people; five European civilians dead and 13 wounded; three soldiers dead and 43 wounded. "Those who bear the responsibility for these frightful days," said France's Resident General Augustin Guillaume at a funeral for the European dead, "are the sowers of hatred . . . whose cause cried for blood. It is their appeals to fanaticism and disorder, encouraged so imprudently from outside by our enemies, and alas, by our friends, which are at the bottom of the drama Casablanca has just lived through." The predominantly French crowd cheered, clapped, chanted and booted as if it were at a political rally. What was the point of the slaughter? One arrested Arab nationalist explained: "It was the best way to create incidents so that we could offer martyrs to the United Nations."

At week's end in Manhattan, France's friend, the U.S., which had alternately blown hot & cold on Arab nationalist aspirations, joined the majority at U.N. in deciding (by a vote of 27 to 24 in the case of Tunisia) to let the French settle their problems in North Africa without interference.

COMMUNISTS

Comrade Eisler's Turn?

Communist leaders in East Germany grew sick with apprehension. Premier Otto Grotewohl publicly admitted that "temporary difficulties" had disorganized the supply of butter, margarine, sugar and meat. Then he made a public promise that sent the specter of Rudolf Slansky howling down the corridors of East German government departments: "[We] will ruthlessly remove all mistakes and shortcomings . . . Those who are guilty will face the consequences."

The first head fell quickly. Dr. Karl Hamann, 49, Minister of Trade and Supply, was sacked and jailed for "bad and bureaucratic work"; his assistant, Rudolf Albrecht, State Secretary for Food, was denounced as a "saboteur." Next in line were "a number of leading bandits" responsible for the "month-by-month decline" in coal production. Then the accusing finger pointed at Gerhart Eisler, the shifty little Comintern agent who jumped bail in the U.S. and escaped to East Germany on the Polish liner *Batory*. There he became Chief of Information (i.e., Propaganda) in Soviet Germany. "A basic change [is needed] in the work of the Bureau of Information," said Communist Investigator Hermann Axen, whose official title is "Head of the Agitation Department." This seemed to spell trouble ahead for Comrade Eisler, who by now is presumably wondering whether his trip on the good ship *Batory* had really been worth while.

Dirty Hands

HOEDERER: . . . How you cling to your purity, young man! . . . You intellectuals . . . use it as a pretext . . . to do nothing, to remain motionless, arms at your side, wearing kid gloves. Well, I have dirty hands. Right up to the elbow. I've plunged them in filth and blood.

HUGO: . . . No one can convince me that one should lie to one's comrades.

—Les Mains Sales (*Dirty Hands*)

When Jean-Paul Sartre wrote his play about the cynical, power-minded Communist boss who makes a deal with the Fascists because it will serve the ultimate ends of the party, he was an anti-Communist. But when his own left-wing party fell apart, Sartre, the philosopher of the existential, was left in the position of his hero Hugo: pure but ineffectual. Apparently Sartre still yearned to be a man of action. Last week in Vienna, Philosopher Sartre was up to his elbows in the filth if not the blood of Communist politics.

He was the prize catch of the Communist Peoples Congress for Peace. The others were such familiar faces as the Rev. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, Madame Sun Yat-sen, Ilya Ehrenburg and Frédéric Joliot-Curie. But the congress needed a bigger new star than Sartre to revive public interest in its three-year-old slogans. Even a new Peace Dove by Picasso—soaring now, and plumper than the first one—and a street-sprinting exhibition by Czech Olympic Runner Emil Zatopek failed to draw crowds.

To explain away the half-empty *Konzerthaus*, the Communists blamed fog, rain and Vienna's lack of taxis, but nothing could conceal the hollowness of the Communist claims to have a peace program, not even the tirade of abuse directed at America. Specimen (by North Korean delegate Madame Kang Yang Sun): U.S. soldiers in Korea knifed out the eyes of Korean children and forced their mothers to eat them, cut open the body of a pregnant woman and extracted the embryo and sliced it before the eyes of the dying mother.

Despite hours of this kind of talk, wildly applauded, Philosopher Sartre had come to the congress because, he said, "representatives of socialist countries tell us precisely that they want peace and that co-existence is possible."

A Vienna theatrical producer who wanted to produce *Dirty Hands* during the congress was slapped down by Playwright Sartre. To put it on at this moment might embarrass his new friends.

WAR IN ASIA

Cork & Bottle

Some 40 miles north of Seoul, the swift-flowing Imjin bangs its winter load of ice chunks against steep banks. Tucked into an S-curve of the river is a brown, double-crested ridge, much like the other nondescript brown lumps in the hill chain beyond. Between the two crests is a saddle,



Associated Press

PICASSO'S PEACE DOVE

about 50 yards wide, not more than 300 yards long. One of the crests is called Little Nori; the other, 40 feet higher, Big Nori.

Six weeks ago, although well-dug-in Chinese Reds sat on top of Big Nori, South Koreans of the 1st R.O.K. Division moved up to occupy Little Nori. For five weeks—up to last week—the two hostile forces lived in what passes for peace on the front lines, occasionally taking a pot-shot or lobbing over a mortar shell and getting a round or two in return. Both the Reds and the ROKs spent much time and energy improving their caves, tunnels, trenches, bunkers.

Last week units of the Chinese Forty-seventh Army ("Mao Tse-tung's own") replaced the enemy's Thirty-ninth Army forces on and around Big Nori. Two days later, after a devastating barrage of 8,000 mortar and artillery rounds that almost cratered the top of Little Nori, Mao's men attacked and drove the stunned Koreans off the knob. The ROKs counterattacked, retook the knob, were driven off again. Nine more times the ROKs tried to regain the lost ground, in vain.

By that time, U.S. Patton tanks had surrounded the hill mass, pouring in flat-trajectory fire from 90-mm. guns. Planes of four allied air arms—U.S. Air Force



Werner Wolff—Black Star

PHILOSOPHER SARTRE
Pure but ineffectual.

and Marines, Australians, ROKs—softened Big and Little Nori with bombs, rockets and napalm that whooshed up in hideous, billowing, orange-and-black globes. The U.N. artillery put in VT (variable-time-fused) shells for airbursts which the gunners hoped would send sharp fragments flying into the enemy ratholes. One clear morning, after Thunderjets and artillery had given the hill a final treatment, the ROKs attacked again, in single and double file, scrambling up a slope covered several inches thick with the dust of battle, kicking up such clouds that they could scarcely see one another.

This time, using grenades and satchel charges at close range, the ROKs popped the Chinese out of their lairs like rats from a burning barn. The Reds were chased across the saddle and back on to Big Nori. The ROKs might well have seized Big Nori's crest, but they could have put only a few men in the limited space on top, while the Chinese could have counterattacked with wave on wave. As a U.S. observer explained: "You can use your whole hand to hold the whisky bottle, but only a few fingers to pull out the cork." So the week ended as it began—with the ROKs on Little Nori, the enemy in Big Nori.

It was the familiar story of almost suicidal ROK bravery, of heavy enemy losses, and of heavy ROK losses. The Reds were still fighting the war of attrition, apparently profitable to them, that began nine weeks ago on White Horse Hill, then switched to Triangle Hill and Sniper Ridge, then to the two nondescript brown lumps called Little and Big Nori.

Death on Pongam

Four months after the bloody prisoner of war riots on Koje Island last February, many of the worst North Korean rioters, diehard Communists all, were moved by General "Bull" Boatner to the prisoner compounds on neighboring Pongam Island. There was an ominous hint of trouble to come on Pongam recently when the P.W. command uncovered Communist plans for a mass escape attempt. Last week trouble materialized with a roar in six compounds of Pongam's enclosure No. 2, where 3,600 of the camp's 9,000 prisoners are confined.

It began when prisoners in each of the six compounds massed into a close-knit and obviously carefully planned military drill in defiance of camp rules. The prisoners formed ranks on top of a high terrace. Guards at the foot of the steep incline all around ordered them to break it up, but their only answer was a shower of stones. A brisk wind made tear gas useless. A warning volley of shots had no effect. Three waves of taunting and jeering prisoners, with arms locked, bore down steadily on the guards. Lieut. Colonel George Miller, island commander, ordered his guards to lower the muzzles of their guns and fire. In the brief battle that followed, 82 prisoners were killed, 120 were wounded: the highest casualty list recorded in any Korean P.W. clash to date.

THE FIGHTING, WAITING EIGHTH ARMY

From Korea, TIME's Senior Editor John Osborne cabled:

AMERICANS ought to be aware that their army in Korea today, a truly fine outfit, is not the best army the U.S. can put in the field. It is the best army that can be put in the field in the circumstances.

The soldiers who man it and the officers who command it see no purpose and no good in the kind of war they are fighting. Americans fighting abroad always want to be done with war and go home, but there is a special quality in our soldiers: disgust with the war they are waging now. It is the quality born of their knowledge that they are not expected to win. They are expected only to stand and hold, and perhaps to be killed or maimed in the process. They are expected to leave their line on occasion and walk through the night silence toward the enemy line, and on rare occasion even to attack and harass the enemy line—but almost never to take the enemy line.

They say in total truth: "We aren't going anywhere," and ask why, then, they must patrol and probe and await the sniper's bullet or the shell that may find them on their hills, and why they must be there at all. They do not yearn to leap from their lines and drive across the snow-whitened enemy hills. Far from it. But they do yearn for an end of this war and they would rather fight to end it than await an ending that never comes.

The individual end is death for some, wounds or capture for many more, and rotation home for most of them. Rotation is a human necessity, but its effect on the army as a fighting force is nonetheless corrosive. A division commander figured recently that the majority of his combat soldiers had been in Korea for only five months. Platoon and company leaders seldom keep their units for longer than four months. For some reason, very few captains and first lieutenants experienced in company command are coming out on replacement, and there is a shortage of company leaders. Noncommissioned squad leaders are also hard to come by, and many squads are being led by privates first class with six months or less of Army service.

"Results Unknown." Every morning at 8 o'clock, at every U.S. command post in Korea, commanders gather with their staffs for their daily briefing on the infantry war. Before a lighted map of the corps, divisional or regimental sector in question, a G-2 officer reduces the cold, the tensions and the tragedy of the night just gone to dry brevities which, more often than not, end in the phrase "with results unknown."

Our artillery has fired so many rounds into and over the whitened hills—"with results unknown." Our patrols have crept forward from our lines, through our barbed wire and minefields, a little way toward the enemy lines, and perhaps have sighted and fired at figures seen or imagined in the vibrant stillness—"with results unknown." Our corps and division commanders and staffs just don't have enough to do. Not that they are idle; far from it. But it's tough when there's so little active war to manage or follow. Minor patrol actions are followed by rear headquarters with a meticulous concern that would be reserved for sizable battles in an active war.

As always, the generals find ways to lighten their lot when they are confined to the rear. Apart from its invaluable uses as a cargo carrier, ambulance and general communication vehicle, the helicopter is a great personal blessing to some of them. A corps commander has the door at his right removed and shoots foxes from his "chopper" with a shotgun.

All the same, it's still a war for the men in it. A night patrol can be as dangerous and deadly for the men doing the job as the biggest of battles. The wounded, hand-carried for hours over the cold hills to the nearest jeep point—it may take three hours to do 1,000 yards up some of these hills—suffer as they would at the Yalu. And, on the quietest of nights on

a "quiet" sector, the regimental commanders always have a little stack of personal letters to sign, supplementing the Defense Department telegrams and beginning, "It is with the deepest regret . . ."

Bunker Lights. Supply is superb—probably the best in any war in our history. An old regular who recently visited the front said, with only slight exaggeration: "This is the first war I ever heard of in which the men at the front live better than the men at the rear." It could be, at times, that things are just a little too good for an Army that, after all, may have to do some extensive fighting. One division commander recently blew his top when he heard that the men of one of his line companies had improvised a generator system and were stringing electric lights in their bunkers.

There is no all-American army in Korea today. Quite apart from the units of other nations, the Eighth U.S. Army in Korea is a three-language study in the American century. People at home who think only of boys from The Bronx and Topeka and Dallas when they read of "an American division" in action make the same mistake a U.S. corps commander made not long ago. He watched a U.S. infantry squad in a training exercise and afterward delivered a little speech, remarking on the splendid American faces he saw before him. The general noted that a junior officer was about to bust with suppressed laughter and, in some irritation, asked him why. The junior officer replied that only four of the 14 men could understand what the general had said. The splendid American faces were variously from the continental U.S., Puerto Rico, Guam and Korea.

It might have been almost any infantry squad in the Eighth Army. Every U.S. infantry division in Korea has the equivalent of several companies of KATOUSA (Korean Augmentation Troops, U.S. Army) and a sprinkling of Spanish-speaking draftees from Puerto Rico. Many of the Koreans in the line today have been with their U.S. divisions for two years or more; they are the old hands of this war. Thousands more have followed them into service with the Americans, and at one time or another most American infantrymen have to "buddy up" with a Korean soldier.

Army policy requires that Puerto Ricans and KATOUSA be dispersed through squads and platoons alongside continental Americans, rather than placed in separate units. The results in enforced understanding and companionship are often good and warming. But the language difficulty is serious. The result at the front is that squad and platoon leaders must communicate with their men in an awkward mishmash of straight American, pidgin talk and sign language, with occasional help from the few interpreters at hand. All this forwards the brotherhood of man. But it can be tough on night patrol in the cold wastelands between the lines, where each man's life may depend on perfect understanding and precision.

Sick of Stalemate. The soldiers talk of their war just about as their generals do, and just about as well. There is one natural difference: the G.I. at the front takes a personal and more reluctant view of trying to end it with a ground offensive. But, to the depths of their beings, the men in the lines believe that it ought to be ended. Many of them are genuinely puzzled by the failure to end it by negotiation, and they say over & over that there must be some way to get the enemy to quit.

Much of the frustration begins at home. No soldier is long in Korea before he comes to share the general conviction that Americans at home are sick of the war and don't care how it ends or what happens to the men waging it. A visitor recently hazarded a guess that the American public was not so much sick of the war itself as sick of stalemate. A regimental chaplain who heard this remark said in answer: "If I could believe that, and could say it to these men with real conviction, it would do wonders."

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

Man with a Voter's Face

(See Cover)

"The cabinet does not want to fall," said Antoine Pinay, "but if you should choose to relieve it of its heavy responsibilities, it will be consoled." In this take-it-or-leave-it fashion, the Premier of France last week demanded a vote of confidence from the National Assembly.

When the votes were cast, a precarious margin of nine—300 votes to 291—granted Antoine Pinay's government one more reprieve from the fate that comes with maddening regularity to all who try to govern modern France. The slimness of the majority was a portent of crises to come. It was another sign of the malaise

No one quite knew why he had been invited. His name was not on the familiar, tattered guest list of acceptable Premiers. There was little in his past to indicate that Monsieur Pinay, the tanner from St. Chamond, could last long or do well.

What Pinay proposed to do was neither world-shaking nor highly original, but in the way he proposed it Frenchmen found adrenalin for their flagging spirits. He brought France its first right-of-center government since the war, forming it out of a hostile and mistrustful Parliament, without the help of the vacillating Socialists. So quick was Pinay's popularity with the French public that hostile deputies, suddenly reminded that they had constituencies as well as parties to serve, voted against their inclinations time &

Pinay got "there" because none of the old hands was willing to shoulder the responsibility last February, when the Treasury was empty and the budget unsolved. France, where Crisis is a word rarely out of the headlines, was drifting into the worst one yet. The country might collapse completely without a U.S. dole. The Indo-China war was going from bad to worse. In the precious North African colonies, the corks were beginning to blow. Finances were in a nightmare tangle.

The whole mess was an affront to the small-town businessman who stepped into the middle of it. Back home in St. Chamond, a small town (pop. 14,500) which prides itself on being the shoelace capital of France, Antoine Pinay had made his small tannery (50 employees) bigger and more profitable than when he inherited it from his father-in-law. There was no reason, he confided to an intimate, why a man could not run France the way he runs a business.

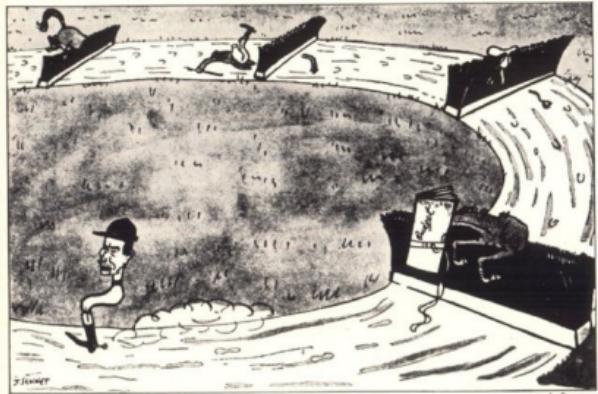
The business of governing France has vast and subtle domestic and global complications which never intruded into Pinay's leather business or crossed the mayor's desk at St. Chamond. But he tucked those toward the rear of his mind, to concentrate on the one problem which his Frenchness told him was closest to the center of France's illness. André Siegfried once remarked of the *petit bourgeois* that "his heart is on the left, but his pocketbook is on the right." Pinay built his policy as Premier around one object—the Frenchman's pocketbook.

"Currency reflects the image of the country," said Pinay. "When the franc has regained its position, France will soon recover its rank."

Breaking the Locks. Starkly simple as it was, the crisp, one-track sound of Pinay's program had a decisive effect in the Assembly. Opposed by the two biggest blocs in Parliament—the Socialists and the Communists—Pinay nevertheless assembled a majority willing to join him in the battle of the pocketbook.

More surprising was the reaction in the country. From the ornate rostrum of the Chamber, beneath the stone-eyed gaze of Attic beauties, the prosaic tannery-man from St. Chamond ticked off the things he proposed to do: fight inflation, which had shrunk the franc to one twenty-fifth of its prewar value. Bring down prices, not by *dirigisme* (the Frenchman's word for government controls) but by persuading the big industrialists and the countless Antoine Pinays of France to be content with more reasonable profit margins. Balance the budget, not by his predecessors' resort to higher taxes, but by slicing expenditures and borrowing on a businesslike basis. Seduce out of hiding the estimated \$4 billion in gold concealed in the socks of French peasants and *petits bourgeois*.

In almost every proposal was a barb that brought squeals of dissent from some



"OBSTACLE COURSE"

On the left, the heart; on the right, the pocketbook.

of confusion and instability which dogs France's every effort to regain greatness.

The Unfamiliar. The vote was also a testament to the remarkable staying powers of a mild, methodical leather merchant and provincial politician from mid-France who, last February, was summoned from obscurity to accept the perishable honor of providing France with her 17th government since the Liberation. Antoine Pinay is a small (5 ft. 7 in., 155 lbs.), trim man who, in unguarded moments, resembles Charlie Butterworth with a mustache. He might be the man the French lexicographers meant when they defined *petit bourgeois* in the dictionary—respectable, thrifty and discreet; at home with account books but uneasy with the great books; shrewd and commonsensical, and sometimes, underneath the humdrum exterior, imaginatively simple. He slipped into the premiership of France like a little-known guest emerging from behind the draperies into the babbling center of a Parisian literary salon.

again because they feared to tumble him from office. "A most disconcerting fellow," explained one deputy. "He has the face of a voter."

"I Never Asked." Nine months and 14 confidence votes later,* Pinay still sat at the head of the table. It is in the nature of French politics, however, that a Premier—even the most stimulating and effective Premier since Liberation—may be an ex-Premier before the ink is dry on tomorrow morning's newspaper. No one was more aware of that than Antoine Pinay himself. "I never asked to be Premier," he remarked recently. "I see the question very simply. I am there to carry out a policy. If there is to be a different policy, I shall not be there."

* Pinay has outlasted all but two other post-war Premiers: Socialist Paul Ramadier, who survived 302 days in 1947, and Radical (which means conservative) Henri Queuille, the farmers' friend, who lasted 390 days the first time around in 1948-49, but only two days on a second try, 123 days on a third.

faction of the Assembly. But Antoine Pinay, who understands the common Frenchman, was reaching beyond the Assembly to the public. "The remedies are neither of the right nor of the left," he said. ". . . They are technical measures to be taken in a climate of political truce."

Better Than Orson. Suddenly Pinay was a hero. Frenchmen began to compare him with Raymond Poincaré, who won fame in the 1920s not because he had been both President and Premier of France, but because he had saved the franc. In newsreel theaters, flashes of the dignified little man in plain double-breasted suit and the homburg provoked wild applause—"the first politician since De Gaulle who has received spontaneous applause," reported an impressed minister after an afternoon at the movies. At the autograph exchange in the gardens of the Palais Royal, the signature of Antoine Pinay went to the top of the priority list. "Even before Jean Marais [the actor]?" Pinay asked incredulously when he learned of it. "Even before Orson Welles," he was told.

One Cheese, Two Prices. Pinay moved his office to the ornate Hôtel Matignon, the official residence of Premiers. But he refused to move even a toothbrush or clean shirt into the comfortable apartment maintained there for the chief of the government; he preferred to stay in his unpretentious five-room apartment, to save himself the rigors of the moving-out day which comes to all who move into the Matignon. As was his habit when a Deputy, he locked up his desk almost every weekend and took off to St. Chamond, to look in on his tannery and, as plain His Honor the Mayor, chat with his townspeople.

The new Premier browbeat some segments of industry into chopping prices (wholesale prices dropped 7.7%). He

poked into shops and department stores to watch prices and buying habits. In one food store, he watched as a shopkeeper cut a Camembert cheese in half and then priced each half differently. "Always—you hear me, always," Pinay reported indignantly, "the women asked for the more expensive piece." The story is told that Pinay, unable one weekend to get his customary haircut at St. Chamond, went to a Paris barber, and was shocked when he was charged twice what he usually paid back home. Now there is a price ceiling on haircuts. He eased the mistrust of France's cautious peasants by combining a general amnesty for past income-tax evasions with a novel bond issue which could be cashed for gold: it drew more than 34 tons (\$42 million) out of cellars, socks and mattresses all over France.

Waste of Time & Money. These homely activities made sense to the France that bred Antoine Pinay—not the American tourist's France of roasted chestnuts and rhinestone poodles on the Champs-Elysées. "Allo darleeng" in the Place Pigalle, pressed duck at the Tour d'Argent, bikinis at Biarritz and baccarat at Nice—but the provincial France of hard-scraped farms, gnarled vineyards, smudgy little factories; of closefisted small shopkeepers, scuff-knuckled farmers and black-stockinged bakers' daughters. It is a France tradition-bound, slow to change, as stolid, solid and unspectacular as the pallid, stucco-faced building in the small town of Saint-Symphorien-sur-Coise where Antoine Pinay was born 61 years ago. His father was a drygoods merchant, his mother a steel-willed matrarch who trusted sternly in God and the franc.

With his sister (now a nun), Pinay got his early schooling at St. Symphorien. He was a lackluster scholar; at ten he announced to his father: "I was made not to obey, but to command." The principal of a boarding school told papa Pinay one day: "Frankly, it's a waste of time and money." At 16 Pinay's formal schooling ended and he was shipped off to a relative's metallurgical plant to learn something about business.

Compulsory military service and World War I interrupted. In September 1914, Pinay was a sergeant in charge of a 75-mm. gun crew on the Aisne front. During a ferocious German attack, Pinay stuck to his gun and turned back a cavalry charge; a few minutes later he was struck down by a direct shell hit which almost severed his right arm. He lay on an operating table in Chartres military hospital, a nurse standing by with the ether cone and the scalpels, when a remarkable coincidence saved his arm. The doctor who planned to amputate was transferred, and his replacement thought he could avoid amputation. After seven painful operations the arm was patched together. (Today it occasionally gives Pinay acute pain and drives him to the soothing waters of Aix-les-Bains. With the two fingers that still work, he can handle knife & fork, and he writes only with difficul-



CHARLES DE GAULLE

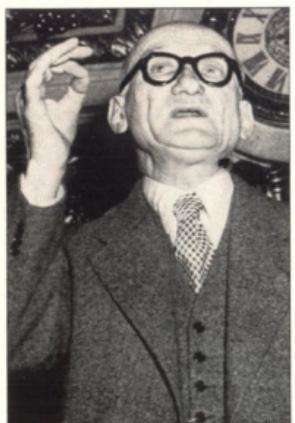
No and no.

ty.) It was not until eight years later that the slow process of French bureaucracy provided Pinay with his reward—the *Médaille militaire*, France's highest accolade for bravery in war.

Out of uniform, a young man with a crippled arm, a feeble education and no visible means of support, Pinay looked a poor risk for success. But there were few young men about; they were dying at the front in the great hemorrhage from which France, almost four decades later, has not yet recovered. To a St. Chamond tanner named Fouletier, Pinay seemed a good prospect to marry his daughter Marguerite and become heir apparent to his leather business. In the customary way—through mutual friends—a marriage was arranged for one day in April 1917. Pinay showed an aptitude for the tannery business, and was able to take it over when his father-in-law died five years later.

Steel for the Spirit. The Pinays prospered, their family grew (two daughters, then a son), and the leather profits bought a solid ten-room house and costly Empire and Louis XVI furniture. But Pinay's happy home life ended abruptly in 1928, in a way which, those who know him believe, may have added the final, necessary strain of steel to Antoine Pinay's make-up. His wife fell victim to an incurable mental disease. For the past 22 years she has lived almost continuously in a mental home.

Left lonely and shaken by his wife's illness, Pinay was grateful when the people of St. Chamond invited him to be their mayor. He built the town a 300-bed hospital, when materials and construction workers were almost impossible to come by. When the treasury got low he did not increase taxes, but scraped around for fresh ways to raise revenue—loans, housekeeping economies. When professional idlers came to town hall in search of handouts,



ROBERT SCHUMAN
Eye to eye.

Pinay would find them jobs; they went to work or moved on.

For 22 years Pinay has been St. Chamond's mayor, while also going to the legislature of the Loire Department (1934), to the Chamber of Deputies (1936) and to a seat in the French Senate (1938). For a short while, right after the war, he was out of office—kicked out by the newly dominant Resistance because he was one of 225 Senators who voted state powers to Pétain in 1940. Pinay had not joined the Resistance; it offended his conservative sense of law & order. But villagers have since related that as mayor during the occupation, he hid Jews and issued false papers to Frenchmen hunted by the Gestapo. Shortly he was back in the Assembly, and within two years was mayor again.

Message on the Train. Ever the provincial, he orders his clothes not in Paris, but from "the best tailor in Lyon"; in

café is one of the most unnecessary drinks in the bartender's manual—a frivolous combination of liqueurs and cognacs, one poured gingerly atop the other to avoid blending them together. Each ingredient forms one bar in a rainbow of alcoholic chaos, each flavor nullifying the taste of the next, all falling into murky disarray if jiggled by a shaky hand. The Assembly is the *pousse café* of parliament.

More than a dozen parties fan across the fancy red horseshoe of the Assembly in dogmatic disorder. On the left sit the 97 Communists, the second largest bloc in the Assembly; they do not even believe in parliamentary democracy, and are interested only in killing it. Next sit 104 Socialists, the largest bloc. To the far right sit the 85 followers of embittered Charles de Gaulle (there were 29 more until they splintered off this year), who have long been under orders from the general to

lars more interested in Gallic theories than in Spartan responsibilities.

Weekend Reflection. Antoine Pinay walked into this domain of canny tacticians and dialectical dancing masters with a misleading double-gait. In the eyes of the public, he was no politician, but to the Assembly he proved to be as wily as one as had come along since the war. He put his proposals to the country as fast as he put them to the Assembly, then calmly told the Deputies: here it is; approve it, or give the responsibility to someone else. The reaction from back home suddenly sounded louder & clearer than the Parisian sidewalk *café* arguments so dear to French politicians.

Pinay capitalized on the rule that a demand for votes of confidence must be followed by a 24-hour intermission. He usually asked for votes on Friday, so the votes would generally fall on Tuesdays, when the Deputies would have had a weekend to learn that the folks back home liked Pinay's proposals. He won vote after vote, ten of them in one day.

The Missing Element. After the first enthusiasm of "the Pinay Experiment" wore off, his critics began to say that his remedy was essentially a set of short-term fiscal manipulations that soothed the skin but did not reach to the disease.

Physically, France is sound—as sound as a dollar and sounder than the franc. Unlike Britain, France can feed herself, and well. With a fertile country, a smiling climate and 42 million intelligent and reasonably hard-working people, France should be able to earn her own fat living. French industrial output is running 13% ahead of the record year 1929.

Yet civilized France is an unhappy, frustrated country; the whole is less than the sum of its parts, and the nation is more in need of a psychiatrist than a physician. In their moments of candor, the French recognize the missing element in themselves: it is *civisme*, a sense of community responsibility. Divisions are as old and as deep as the French Revolution. At the root is a profound lack of faith in government, an individualism carried almost to the point of anarchy.

This corrosive individualism expresses itself politically in a multiplicity of little parties, huddles of special interests. It shows itself in the big industrialists and businessmen who resist alike the productive imagination of U.S. capitalism and the legitimate aspirations of labor, and prudently send their capital out of the country. And the resultant despair shows in the 5,000,000 Frenchmen, 25% of the electorate, who voted Communist (a survey by France's *Fortune*-like *Réalités* showed that most were "seeking an energetic and dependable champion who would improve their material lot . . . The U.S.S.R., despite a vague sympathy, gets on their nerves a little . . ."). The Frenchman who spends some 65% of his income for food, and lives four in a room because neither government nor business will build him houses, cannot quite get his heart into *La Marseillaise* when he comes



THE PREMIER WAITING HIS TURN AT THE BARBERSHOP
Next?

J. Charbonnier—*Réalités*

his occasional travels he chooses not the first- but the second-class hotel. When cabinets fell, he always got on a train for St. Chamond instead of staying in Paris with the perennial hopefuls who clustered around the President's palace in the hope that, by chance or default, they might be tapped to form a government. He was a second-echelon minister—Economic Affairs—in the Queuille cabinet; in four successive cabinets he was Minister of Public Works, Transport and Tourism.

When the Faure cabinet fell last February, Pinay trotted off as usual to the Gare de Lyon. He was on the way back from St. Chamond a few days later when a messenger clambered into his compartment at Dijon with President Auriol's invitation to take a fling at forming a government. He had the brashness to try.

A Rainbow of Chaos. The National Assembly ranks with *pousse café* as a peculiarly French concoction. The *pousse*

cooperates with no government until the French people vote themselves a new constitution. Between the Communists and Gaullists (both sworn enemies of the Fourth Republic) sit the Socialists and 330 Deputies of the center and conservative parties, which range from the moderate leftist Catholic M.R.P. to the 45 Deputies of Pinay's own Independent Republicans to the horny-handed shellbacks of the Peasant Party. Under a constitution which breeds too many parties and entrusts all power to the Assembly, this was the mishmash which French voters sent to Paris shortly after the war, and, with few shifts, returned in 1951.

Not until 55 days after the 1951 elections was the Assembly able even to agree on a new cabinet, and then it was stuffed with men who had been rejected once, twice, or three times before. With rare exceptions, French politics is a machinery of blocs, not individuals, of party regu-

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The "pillow" that nestles a

New speed queen of the Atlantic, the S.S. United States makes its New York home at a completely reconditioned pier. One bump against the corner of the pier could deform the plates of the ship—cause costly repairs and expensive delays—and damage the pier as well. Yet, in docking, the great ship is safely warped around the end of the pier by a combination of wind, tide and tugs as her side rests against the dock.

Secret of safe dockings is a huge dock fender that "pillows" the bulk of the liner. It's built around special extruded rubber tubing—15" in diameter, compounded to resist pressure, abrasion, and constant immersion in

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The ingredients: Here's all you need for the finest "Bowl of Merry Christmas" ever — a Four Roses Eggnog:

Six eggs; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar; 1 pint milk; 1 pint cream; 1 oz. Jamaica Rum; 1 pint Four Roses; grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately egg yolks and whites. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar to whites after beating them very stiff. Mix whites

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to the line: "The day of glory has arrived."

The nation which once reached for the sun at Austerlitz would settle now for a world which would leave France alone—though it knows that this cannot be. The dream of 1789—"Liberté, égalité, fraternité!"—has given way to a less stirring one: "Sécurité, stabilité, tranquillité."

Voice of France. Abroad, the France of 1952 is represented by—and often mistakenly epitomized in—Foreign Minister Robert Schuman, with his dedicated internationalism, his willingness to join cause with the despised Boche, his gentle spirit of compromise. But France is far more the country of Antoine Pinay, the methodical, untraveled provincial. Schuman is a liability to the Premier, who keeps him in the cabinet only because to fire him would lose Pinay the vital support of Schuman's colleagues of the M.R.P. party.

Pinay is in many ways the Stanley Baldwin of his generation, little tutored and even less interested—in foreign affairs. A practical man, not an idealist, Pinay would like to pull France out of the costly mire of Indo-China if only there were a way to do it without visiting chaos on the whole democratic alliance and shame on France. He is dragging his feet on French ratification of the European army treaty which would rearm Germany. He ordered the adamant French boycott of U.N. discussion of the troubles in French Morocco and Tunisia.

To attribute all these impulses to mere political expediency would be to miss the point: this is the way most Frenchmen want it. This truth is not lost on American diplomats who have to deal with France. "Our feeling," explained a State Department official, "is that anyone who represents the way the French feel is the kind of official with whom to deal. Pinay represents something in France. Robert Schuman sees eye to eye with us—but he does not represent typical French opinion."

"Yours—Ropes!" When Antoine Pinay stood before the Assembly last week, willing to carry on but not begging to, the inevitable fate of every postwar French Premier stared him in the face. Ahead of him lay interminable wrangles, and tense votes of confidence on that traditional trouble spot of Premiers—the year's budget. A lot of the sheen of promise had rubbed off the Premier's fiscal program—some prices were down a bit, but others had risen. The black-market price for the franc had helpfully fallen (from 480 to 400), but there was still far too little gold with which to plate the currency printing presses. Businessmen were complaining of a recession. Actually, Pinay's nine months could be classified as a definite success—for the first time since the war, a government had kept France's sickness from getting any worse, and had brightened up the hospital room immensely. But even success was a handicap, for it made others eager to aspire to the Premier's quarters in the Hôtel Matignon.

For an hour and a half Antoine Pinay waded through the dry, tricky intricacies of the budget problem. France, said he,

had a right "to seek some relief [from] our allies" in Indo-China. There were "grave difficulties" to be faced in foreign trade. October had set new production records, and November had topped October. From the left a Communist rose to heckle Pinay, and made a tactless sneer at Pinay's leather business.

"Monsieur Denis," snapped the little businessman, "each man earns his living in his own line. Mine is leather. Yours—ropes!" From the Communists came embarrassed sputters, from the rest of the chamber, laughter. Soon after, the Assembly again gave him its shaky confidence.

This week Antoine Pinay was back on the rostrum to face more confidence votes, his crinkly hair neatly combed down, his left hand tugging primly at his waistcoat in a characteristic gesture. Another crisis was at hand. Antoine Pinay was gladder than ever that he had left his toothbrush at home, and not in the Premier's palace.



ERNST VON REICHENAU
Who pays?

GERMANY The Collector of Opinions

From every nook in Germany they came. There were 119 generals and 40-odd colonels—much of what is left of the stiff-necked high command of Hitler's *Wehrmacht*. They met early this month in a smoke-filled beer hall in the U.S. zone city of Stuttgart; their host was a self-styled "aristocrat and man of the world": Ernst von Reichenau, brother of the Nazis' famed Field Marshal Walter von Reichenau.

Most of the brass were the kind whom Bonn promises to bar from the new German army, or would be vetoed by other nations under the terms of the European Army Treaty. Typical was *Luftwaffe* Colonel Hans Ulrich Rudel, the one-legged *Panzerknacker* (tankbuster) whom Göring improbably credited with one

Russian battleship, two heavy cruisers and 534 Red army tanks in 2,500 sorties. Decorated with the *Wehrmacht's* highest combat honors,² Rudel escaped to Buenos Aires at war's end, sold his memoirs (*Nevertheless . . .*) and, despite his wooden leg, bested all comers as tennis player, swimmer, skier and mountaineer.

In Stuttgart's smoky beer hall, *Panzerknacker* Rudel seemed to feel that he was back in the Stuka dive bomber with the European Army (EDC) as his target for the night. "We cannot join these Western schemes," he shouted. "[They would mean] the immolation of the German people . . ." Added General Adolf Wolf: "America wants to use us as additional horses . . ." Anyone who cooperates with such designs, said Wolf, "will expose himself . . . as a man without honor or comradeship."

After five hours of speeches, and much eating and drinking, Host von Reichenau rose to speak. He offered the assembly a program: reject the European Defense Community, reunite Germany, cooperate with the East. One man alone rose in opposition. To General Kurt von Tippelskirch, onetime corps commander on the Russian front, Reichenau's plan seemed suicidal. "We have been reproached here for lack of courage [to fight against the European Army]. I take courage to speak now even at the risk of finding no applause. A state without power never in its life will get back its rights. The Russians will never give us back the [rest of Germany] if we have no power." General Tippelskirch's argument: only in the European Army can Germany find strength. Hastily Host Von Reichenau withdrew his program, but predicted that it would yet be approved by most of the officers present.

Intrigued by the question of where Von Reichenau, publisher of a money-losing monthly, got the cash for his "old soldiers' private soiree," and by the Moscow echo in his speech, Allied Intelligence agents questioned him last week. Reichenau's explanation: he had salted away \$1,000 a month during his 20-year stint as a military adviser to the Chinese Nationalists. Protested Von Reichenau: "It is absurd to accuse an aristocrat of cooperating with Communists . . . As others find pleasure in theater and dancing . . . I am a collector of soldiers' opinions."

AUSTRIA

Bottled Genie

In the *Arabian Nights*, a genie made the mistake of climbing back into his bottle and a fisherman clamped a cork on him. Vienna's police department feels that climbing into a bottle is likely to create grave "danger to personal and public health." Rudolph Schmidt, a carnival stunt man from Bad Hall, holds quite an

² Golden Oak Leaves with Swords and Diamonds to the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross.



TERENCE SPENCER
PATRICK DUNCAN & WIFE
With peace and love.

opposite view. A self-made genie who calls himself the Hindu Fakir Rayo, Rudolph insists that a year spent inside a bottle can provide science with some valuable lessons in controlled diet. It will also, he hopes, attract a sizable crowd of sightseers at 15¢ a look.

Last week, after weeks of fruitless argument during which the Vienna police remained adamant, Rudolph moved on to Linz and climbed into his bottle. It was a huge, steel-framed affair, seven feet tall. Taking with him an air mattress, a camp stool and two Syrian snakes "for company," Rudolph entered one side of the bottle. Then arc welders sealed him in, leaving only an 8-in. bottleneck open at the top. For the next year, Rudolph plans to live in bottled luxury on vitamin pills and write his memoirs. And if no one comes to see him? Well, he can always go back to the old grind—nailing his tongue to a board.

SOUTH AFRICA

New Recruit

A curly-haired British South African, awkward on his crutches after an automobile accident that shattered his right leg, hopped out of a green car one day last week at the entrance to Germiston Negro location, a sprawl of tin huts 15 miles east of Johannesburg. He was the first white recruit—and quite a catch—for the Passive Resistance campaign, organized by blacks, half-whites and browns against Prime Minister Daniel Malan's racial segregation laws.

Oxford-educated Patrick Duncan, 34, is the son of the first South African to be appointed Governor General, the late Sir Patrick Duncan. He hobbled into the location's filth-laden alleys supported by Mahatma Gandhi, 60-year-old son of the patron saint of all passive resisters: Mahatma Gandhi. Both men wore the

yellow, green and black rosette of the African National Congress (A.N.C.), which preaches racial justice but deplores the violent solutions of its Communist outriders.

Standing bareheaded in the location's garbage-littered center, Duncan addressed a crowd in their own Sesutu dialect. "Today," he said, "South Africans of all races have come among you with peace and love. I ask you on the long road that lies ahead not to make trouble, but to do what you have to do with love." Then he gave the thumbs-up salute of the Congress and shouted "Africa."

Both Duncan and Gandhi were arrested—exactly as they had planned—when they rejoined Duncan's wife Cynthia, waiting in their automobile. Next day, along with 36 other defendants (6 whites, 18 Indians, 12 Africans), they were charged with "inciting Negroes to resist, break or obstruct" *apartheid* laws. Most white South Africans seemed to disapprove of Duncan's action. Reproving him for "deluding the Negroes," the liberal Johannesburg *Star* coldly observed that passive resistance, by frightening the whites, "strengthens the hand of reaction and repression."

Duncan, a devout Anglican, thinks the issue is one where conscience combines with patriotism. Out on bail, he explained his mission to newsmen: "If the [racial clash] becomes a straight fight of black against white, South Africa is doomed."

SAUDI ARABIA

Dry Desert

Two of nature's most potent liquids, oil and alcohol, came hand in hand to the desert kingdom of Abdul Aziz ibn Saud. In the early days of his long reign, Ibn Saud's Moslem subjects were as dry as the sands they lived on, for such is the law of the Koran. Then the infidels came to tap the oil, and brought with them the other liquid. Soon the clink of glass against bottleneck began to be heard in the new man-made oases of the Saudi Arabian desert.

The oil brought Ibn Saud riches, but dearer to a Moslem heart than even riches are sons, of whom the King has at least 35. In the homes and clubs of the Westerners, where women smiled unveiled amid the heady mixture of gin & vermouth, the young Emirs were always welcome guests. For Ibn Saud's younger sons, as for many Arabs, it was easy to forget the Koran's teachings in the face of such infidel delights. Two years ago one son went on a binge with a neighboring sheik's son, that ended in the latter's death. Another of the old King's sons was involved in a drunken brawl, and Ibn Saud had him publicly flogged.

Teetotalitarian Edict. One evening last year, at the house of a favorite drinking companion—British Vice Consul Cyril Ousman—a third son of Ibn Saud's got tight and began making passes at a house guest from England. Ousman threw the

young prince out. Next day, still drunk and blind with rage, the prince showed up, demanding the girl for his private collection. Once again Ousman tried to throw him out. The prince drew a pistol and began firing. The vice consul was killed, his wife wounded.

Proud old King Ibn Saud was outraged. He ordered the arrest of his son and offered Mrs. Ousman the privilege of prescribing his death in any way she saw fit, with the added promise that his head should be stuck on a pike outside the British embassy. The widow declined the offer and accepted \$70,000 in damages. Soon afterward the old King cut his son's sentence to a jail term with 20 lashes each month. The fault, he had decided, had been not so much the prince's as that of the foreigners who had taught him to drink. Several months later the King issued a teetotalitarian edict—prohibiting the importation of all intoxicating liquors into Saudi Arabia.

Running Out. By last week not a drop of gin or beer was available in the country. The last remaining supplies of whisky were being doled out to Arabian-American Oil Co. workers at the rate of three bottles a month. Twenty Aramco workers had already quit, and more were threatening to, unless the company could persuade the King to repeal prohibition. But Ibn Saud gave no sign of giving in. There were even rumors that he is planning soon to forbid Aramco's foreign women to walk the streets unveiled.

"Damn it all," said one worried oil official last week, "a tough Oklahoma oil driller just isn't going to be satisfied to work here for six days a week and then relax with a bottle of Coca-Cola." But neither was a tough old Lion of the Desert, rich as Croesus, apt to be worried by such deprivation, when the welfare of his sons was at stake.



KING IBN SAUD
Between oil and alcohol.
Associated Press

THE HEMISPHERE

MEXICO

Promise Kept

Just before his Dec. 1 inauguration, President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines had a visit in his office from a resolute feminist named Amalia de Castillo Ledon. The conversation was brief and businesslike:

"Señor Ruiz Cortines, will you carry out your promise soon?"

"Yes," answered Don Adolfo.

"Could it be immediately?"

"Yes," answered Don Adolfo.

Last week President Ruiz Cortines made good on his promise. As his first notable legislative gesture after naming the new cabinet, he sent to Congress a constitutional amendment designed to give Mexican women full citizenship rights, including the vote. Smiling down from the congressional gallery, as the proposal was read, was Amalia Ledon.

Now Mexico's No. 1 suffragist and a golden-haired grandmother besides, tireless Amalia Ledon, 50, began her career as a fighter for women's rights by taking a degree at the University of Mexico back in the days when Mexican girls didn't do that sort of thing. For years, as a teacher and playwright, she preached to her often unheeding countrywomen that political action is the best way for women to beat such problems as low wage rates, legal discrimination and the double standard of morality. Moving abroad as a founder of the U.N. Commission on the Status of Women, she is now president of the Organization of American States' Committee of Women in Washington. But throughout her career, she has been embarrassed that Mexico should be one of the few lands in the hemisphere which withheld the vote from women (the others: Colombia, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua, Paraguay).

In the past year, she flew frequently to Mexico to 1) ply Ruiz Cortines with facts on women's progress, 2) make an ally of the new President's wife, and 3) form a 2,000,000-member Alliance of Women. Mexicans now believe that the women's suffrage amendment is a sure bet to win a two-thirds vote in Congress, plus approval by a majority of the state legislatures, and thus become a part of the constitution.

URUGUAY

Southern Comfort

With a gala dinner dance attended by 300 members of Uruguay's most select society, the glittering new Victoria Plaza hotel opened for business in Montevideo this week. Designed for American tourists and businessmen, North or South, the 22-story, 400-room hotel is the fifth link in a \$50 million Latin American hotel chain being put together by the Intercontinental Hotels Corp., a subsidiary of Pan American World Airways.

The guests found the Victoria Plaza equipped with every convenience the most demanding tourist could expect: air-con-



AMALIA DE CASTILLO LEDON
Something for the girls.

ditioning, the continent's fastest elevators (710 ft. a minute), bilingual telephonist and barbers, a Helena Rubinstein beauty parlor, bed-sitting rooms furnished with thick English rugs and draperies, and running ice water. Pride & joy of Executive Chef "Lugot of the Waldorf" is the push-button kitchen, visible to *bite*-savoring patrons in all its stainless-steel splendor through a long window that runs the entire width of the hotel's grill room. Pronouncing Uruguayan beef the equal of Argentina's finest, Chef Lugot undertakes to serve it any style, with any of 96 sauces.

Though the Victoria Plaza prices its garden penthouse suite at \$36 a head, it is not intended to be another Waldorf or Copacabana Palace. With Statler-style "one-room suites" costing \$7.50 a day and up, the new hotel is designed for the middle-income traveler who, I.H.C. officials think, will be their biggest customer in future. As such, it is only the newest unit in Pan Am's long-range plan for increasing tourist traffic from the U.S. by supplying better hotels for travelers. I.H.C. already manages hotels in Belém, Santiago and Barranquilla, owns and operates Mexico City's Reforma and will take over Bermuda's Princess Hotel on lease Jan. 1.

In cooperation with the U.S. Export-Import Bank and private interests in Latin American countries, I.H.C. also has an ambitious hotel-building program underway. Scheduled to open next fall, in time for the projected Inter-American Conference of Nations, is Caracas' \$7,000,000, 400-room Tamanaco, Bogotá's

400-room Tequendama and Maracaibo's 150-room Del Lago, opening later in the year, will finally give those cities first-class hotels; and the 600-room Copan, due to be completed in 1954, will help fill the urgent need for more and better hotel accommodations in booming São Paulo.

A globe-girdling as Pan American itself, I.H.C. has also signed contracts for hotels in such other widely separated spots as Tokyo and Saudi Arabia. Though it had to start in the red, ambitious I.H.C. looks ahead a few years to a \$100 million-a-year hotel business—a healthy sideline for a \$188 million-a-year airline.

BRAZIL

An Even Billion

The No. 1 tycoon of São Paulo, of Brazil and probably of all Latin America is Count Francisco Matarazzo Jr., 52. The commercial empire founded by his Italian-born father was already the biggest in Brazil when he inherited it 15 years ago. Since then the count (Italy's Victor Emmanuel bestowed the title in 1917 for charities in Italy) has tripled the empire's possessions. His firm, Indústrias Reunidas F. Matarazzo (I.R.F.M.), employs more than 30,000 workers in 367 plants (textiles, foodstuffs, 80-odd other miscellaneous products).

In São Paulo, the world's fastest-growing major city, Matarazzo's may well be the world's fastest-growing fortune. But as the strong-minded boss of a closed family enterprise, the count himself is the only man who knows, and he is not inclined to say. His consolidated statement for last year indicated that his firm rolled up a gross profit before taxes of \$81,864,738 cruzeiros (\$43.4 million). Thanks to Brazil's easygoing tax laws, which take only 17½% of dividend returns, Majority Stockholder Matarazzo's income for the year soared high into the millions even on this somewhat sketchy accounting. Yet the count works day & night pyramiding his holdings ever higher. Last week he announced that beginning Jan. 1 the firm's listed capital will be increased one-third to an even billion cruzeiros—nearly 100 times greater than that of the first family holding company set up by his father in 1911. "And in two years," predicted the count, "it will be time to increase capitalization again."

Matarazzo also announced that he was ready to start building a new, ten-acre plant to make PVC (polyvinyl chloride), basis of such popular modern plastic products as raincoats, upholstering materials, wire insulation. To be built in partnership with B. F. Goodrich Co., the plant will be the first of its kind in South America. Typically, it is a natural outgrowth of another Matarazzo venture—a caustic-soda plant adjoining the site at São Caetano do Sul. "It is the Rolls-Royce of products," Count Matarazzo announced with finality.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Star witness in the seventh week of the treason trial of former Sergeant John David Provoo (TIME, Nov. 24) was 60-year-old General **Jonathan M. Wainwright**, called as witness for the defense. To the lawyer who was forced to shoot his questions, Wainwright apologized and explained that he was nearly deaf as a result of shell bursts during the siege of Corregidor. After testifying that he had not known Provoo, nor had he received reports that the man had given aid & comfort to the enemy, the general gave the Manhattan jury a moving, 90-minute account of the defense and surrender of the Rock, and his life in Jap prison camps, which had left him bent and frail.

In Rome, while waiting near the Chamber of Deputies to pick up Italy's Communist boss, **Palmiro Togliatti**, Chauffeur Reclus Monari suddenly became the richest Communist chauffeur in the country. He was named winner of a \$4 million lire (\$86,400) football pool. Said Monari: "I'll certainly give several millions to the party and a handsome gift to Comrade Togliatti."

The sick list included: King **Tribhuvan** of Nepal, who flew to New Delhi for a consultation with his doctors; 17-year-old King **Hussein** of Jordan, who was excused from his military classes at Sandhurst to have a sinus operation in London; Finland's President **Juho Paasikivi**.

Kivi, 82, ordered by his doctors to take a week's rest when they decided he was working too hard; and **Prince Bernhard** of The Netherlands, ordered to forgo two of his favorite sports, skiing and horse jumping, because of a weak vertebra, the result of an old auto accident.

The will of the late C.I.O. President **Philip Murray**, filed for probate in Pittsburgh, showed an estate of \$20,000 bequeathed to his wife.

For his "outstanding service in behalf of youth," the Big Brothers of America, Inc. picked California's Governor **Earl Warren** for Big Brother of 1953.

After the October news that Britain had exploded her first atom bomb in the barren wastes of the Monte Bello Islands north of Australia, a proud Prime Minister declared that **William George Penney**, the physicist who directed the project, would be knighted as a reward. Last week, at Buckingham Palace, without waiting to include him in the usual honors list, **Queen Elizabeth II** made Penney a Knight Commander of the British Empire.

After singing for her lunch at a meeting of the Women's National Press Club in Washington, **Mary Martin** learned that Governor **Allan Shivers** had promoted her from her South Pacific rank of Ensign Nellie Forbush to Admiral in the Texas Navy, thereby giving her equal Lone Star flag rank with Admirals **Dwight Eisenhower** (who recently also accepted the



N.Y. Daily News
GENERAL JONATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT
A story for the jury.

title of honorary president of the Camp Fire Girls) and onetime Chief of Naval Operations **Chester Nimitz**.

In Tokyo, on a concert tour, Metropolitan Opera Soprano **Helen Traubel** announced that she would detour to Korea to sing Christmas carols to the troops.

Margaret Sanger, 69-year-old founder of the Planned Parenthood movement, returned to Manhattan highly pleased with the results of a series of conferences in Japan and India. Said she: "People are more ready for birth-control methods than we are able to provide for them. Education is no longer the problem."

Adlai Stevenson was invited to become honorary president of the National Association of Gagwriters. His reply: "It is with the utmost disappointment that I feel obliged to decline your engaging and flattering invitation . . . That I could even have been considered for this distinction lifts my weary heart."

In Manhattan, the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies of New York held its Key Award ceremony to honor outstanding women in their chosen professions. Gold keys went to: **Mrs. Ralph Bunche** (human relations and education); **Fleur Cowles** (publishing); **Mary Margaret McBride** (radio); **Anita Colby** (industry); **Lilli Palmer** (theater); **Arlene Francis** (television).

Off to Paris, and his last NATO conference as Secretary of State, **Dean Acheson** told reporters in Washington that after Jan. 20 he is going to take a long vacation with his wife in the West Indies. After that, "I will undoubtedly have to seek what is happily known as gainful employment, which I am glad to say does not describe holding public office."



United Press
MESDAMES BUNCHE, COWLES, McBRIDE, COLBY, PALMER & FRANCIS
Gold keys for success.

PERSONALITY

LUIS MIGUEL DOMINGUÍN, Spain's best bullfighter, came last week to conquer Mexico. As he appeared in the door of his plane, Dominguin gave the airport crowd a small, arrogant smile and a regal wave. Two burly bodyguards closed in beside him and a motorcycle escort whisked him off to his hotel.

No love is lost between Mexican and Spanish bullfighters; in fact, for several years before 1950 no Spanish matador was allowed in a Mexican bull ring. This was Dominguin's first professional appearance in Mexico, and his father-manager was anxious about his famous son's reception.

In his three-room hotel suite, Dominguin held court. He lounged on the bed in a black and cream silk dressing gown, chain-smoking black Mexican cigarettes and gracefully flicking the ashes to the floor. Behind him the phone jangled incessantly. ("Tell her I'm out," he would say, "and I will be back in an hour.") Around him swirled admirers, newspapermen, photographers, bullfighters and favor-seekers, helping themselves to the free Scotch and brandy, and filling the room with smoke and babble. His three personal servants hustled to unpack 15 leather bags, containing 17 suits and a tailcoat, a small treasure in jewelry, seven gold-embroidered bullfighting costumes, and a batch of books which included Shakespeare (in Spanish) and Cervantes.

Dominguin shooed his guests away; he wanted to talk business with his father and brother. The talk was in big figures. For each of his four fights in the Plaza Mexico he has been guaranteed \$13,500, plus gate percentages that will bring the take up to about \$22,800 for each fight. In his twelve years in the bull ring he has made a little under \$2,000,000, and he has salted a lot of it away—some of it in Spanish hunting lodges and preserves, some in Colombian and Brazilian coffee investments, some in the National City Bank of New York.

Later, Luis Miguel yawned. He was tired and he wished people would go home, even if it was his birthday. He was 27 years old that day.

NEXT morning Dominguin was up soon after 8, to drink his coffee and read the newspaper accounts of his arrival. Then, though he hates exercise, he went out for some road-work, to get used to the altitude. After that, he was driven to the Plaza Mexico, the world's biggest bullfight arena, which he had never seen. He stamped over the sand, looking for pitfalls, and paced off the distance from the center of the ring to the barrier. Then he went to look at the bulls, the biggest and best Mexico could provide. Someone asked him how he liked the looks of them. "I never like a bull," he answered. "The enemy is never pretty." He has been gored several times, twice seriously.

On the morning of his first fight, Luis Miguel lay late in bed, eating nothing, drinking black coffee laced with cognac. At 2 o'clock his servants began the elaborate ritual of dressing him. At 4 o'clock he stood in the sunlit arena, facing a capacity crowd of 50,000 and a patter of unenthusiastic applause. Dominguin looked coolly at the crowd, and crossed himself. The gates opened and the first bull charged in.

Within 30 seconds Dominguin tore the first *ole!* from the packed stands. He maneuvered the bull over to the cheaper seats on the sunny side of the ring where the skeptical and hard-to-please bleachers sit, and gave them a spectacular series of passes with his left hand, turning the bull in a tight circle and breaking off with a snap that left the animal dazed and dominated. In a roar of *oles* he turned his back on the bull and walked slowly away, his face a picture of arrogance.

With his second bull he showed the audience something more.

This time he met the first charge kneeling, in the dead center of the ring. As the bull came, he swung his cape in a wide arc, making the bull hurtle past him through the air. He ended one series of passes by tossing aside his cape and kneeling with his back to the bull, which stood transfixed. Sombreros began to rain into the ring. "Torero!" yelled the fans. "Torero, torero, torero!" He was awarded both ears of his second bull, and walked twice around the ring as a blizzard of waving white handkerchiefs broke over the whole arena. Said one oldtimer. "The most extraordinary bullfight in Mexico." "I've never seen anything like it," said another.

LUIS MIGUEL DOMINGUÍN's long, sensitive hands have killed more than 2,000 bulls. They first held the cape when he was only five years old, playing with young heifers on the ranch of his father, who was once a bullfighter himself, though not a first-rank one. By the time he was 20, Luis Miguel was second only to the great Manolete.

The two were fighting in the same *corrida* at Linares on the afternoon of Aug. 28, 1946 when Manolete was fatally gored, and some said that Manolete was killed because he was trying to equal Dominguin's performance. Feeling rose high against Dominguin; he was even labeled a murderer, and a menacing crowd awaited his next appearance at the Barcelona ring. The police advised him to leave town, saying they could not be responsible for his safety. But 15 minutes before the fight, Luis Miguel drove up to the ring. He got out of his car some distance from the gate, meticulously adjusted his embroidered cape upon his shoulder and his *montera* on his forehead, and strode alone toward the mob. The angry crowd fell silent and opened respectfully before him. That afternoon he put on such a show that he was carried back to his hotel on the shoulders of his fans. Bullfighting had a new king.

Dominguin believes that bullfighting is neither a sport nor a business, but an art. He despises most of his fellow bullfighters, whom he regards as "commercial." Consequently, he is unpopular with them. He thinks of himself as a purist, an upholder of the classical style, as opposed to the current fashion which measures a bullfighter by bravery alone.

He has a narrow, pale, somewhat dead face, which is not, however, insensitive. Standing or sitting, he holds himself watchfully, easily erect, with great dignity, conscious of who he is. He is well educated, by the standards of his profession, and an avid reader.

WHEN he is not on tour he divides his time between the family house in Madrid and his parents' ranch, "La Companza," an hour's drive from the city. Luis Miguel is at his best during the private bullfighting parties he gives there, using a miniature ring that stands outside the house. After the fight, his mother, Doña Gracia, serves a large meal cooked by herself. The party progresses to flamenco singing and dancing. Luis Miguel, in his blue jeans, plaid shirt and moccasins, sits on the floor and keeps time by clapping his hands. Among the guests may be two or three dukes, a marchioness or a count, Franco's daughter and son-in-law, diplomats, rich Americans, dwarfs, movie stars, farm hands and aspiring bullfighters.

In Madrid, Dominguin is most likely to be found of an evening at Lhardy's—an early 19th century saloon near the old Puerta del Sol. Here, amid a collection of poets, newsmen, critics, painters, sculptors and bullfight purists, Luis Miguel holds court. From Lhardy's, the court is likely to move to a restaurant for dinner, then to a nightclub to sit until dawn, serious and silent, sipping Scotch & soda and watching the floor show fade. From time to time someone will say something sardonic and there will be quick smiles of agreement. It is like watching a doomed prince and his courtiers.



LUIS MIGUEL DOMINGUÍN

MEDICINE

Smoking & Cancer

Doctors studying the seeming connection between smoking and lung cancer need more facts before they can firmly answer such questions as: Is it just coincidence? Does smoking cause the cancer? If so, how? From a few hundred cases studied in the U.S. and Britain have come suggestive leads, but nothing more. Last week the *British Medical Journal* reported on a massive study which goes a long way toward answering some of the inquiring physicians' basic questions, and also raises some new ones.

There is a definite relationship between smoking and lung cancer, conclude two statisticians working for Britain's Medical

women: among them, 37% of lung-cancer patients were nonsmokers.

The British researchers found no notable difference between smokers who inhale and those who don't. Pipe smokers seem less likely to get lung cancer than cigarette smokers, and using a filter or holder with cigarettes seems to afford a little protection. Heavy smokers in the Dorset hills suffer less from lung cancer than their city cousins. This, say the researchers, may be because something in cigarette smoke, combined with something in city air, is a more powerful stimulator of lung cancer than either factor alone.

In sum, they say, "the association between smoking and carcinoma of the lung



SCIENTOLOGIST HUBBARD & CONVERTS
Everyone is 74 trillion years old.

Eddie Deuel

Research Council. Dr. Richard Doll and Professor A. Bradford Hill checked the life histories of 1,465 patients with lung cancer (1,357 men, 108 women), and compared their accounts with those of an equal number of men & women of the same ages who were in the same hospitals but with different ailments. To rule out local variations, they spread their work over five British cities and two rural counties.

Of the men with lung cancer, only half of one percent were nonsmokers; 25% were "heavy smokers" (25 or more cigarettes a day, or the equivalent in pipe tobacco, for ten years or longer). Of the male non-cancer patients, 43% were nonsmokers and only 13% were heavy smokers. The death rate from lung cancer among non-smokers aged 45-64 was negligible; among heavy smokers it ran from 6% to 10% for the same age span. There was a puzzling contrast in the figures for

is real." But they do not go so far as to say that smoking is the sole cause of the increased death rate, or even that it is a factor in every case. There is still much to be learned about how it works.

Remember Venus?

When L. Ron Hubbard gave dianetics to a wondering world (TIME, July 24, 1950), it looked as though he had claimed everything in sight, and more. "The hidden source of all psychosomatic ills and human aberration has been discovered," he wrote then, "and skills have been developed for their invariable cure." But to Science Fictioneer Hubbard, these achievements soon seemed like kid stuff. He broke with the Hubbard Dianetic Foundation in Wichita, "to further pursue investigations into the incredible and fantastic," as the foundation puts it. Now, the founder of still another cult, he claims to have discovered the ultimate secrets

of life and the universe, and to be able to cure everything, including cancer.

For the cult, L. (for Lafayette) Ron (for Ronald) Hubbard has whipped up the bastard word "scientology," which he defines as "knowing about knowing" or "the science of knowledge." His latestology is compounded of equal parts of science fiction, dianetics (with "auditing," "preclears" and engrams), and plain jargon. Hubbard has preached his gospel to the British; he spent last week drumming for converts in Philadelphia. Awarded by his own accomplishments, Hubbard has awarded himself the degree of "D. Scn."—doctor of scientology.

E-Meter Readings. It all began when Hubbard added an electrical gadget to his dianetic auditing—an "electropsychometer" or "E-meter," something like a lie detector. The subject holds electrodes in his hands, and a dial needle records changes in current when he tells about deeply disturbing things in his past. Hubbard found that some of his subjects could not locate "painful prenatal experiences" anywhere on earth, but when he asked them whether these things had happened on another planet, the needle jumped like crazy.

This was enough for Hubbard. He scrapped his old dianetics "time track" (running back to the moment of the subject's conception) and soared off through "whole track" cosmic space. In a number of booklets and pamphlets on scientology and "electropsychometry," he tells how he has discovered and isolated "Life Energy in such a form as to revive the dead or dying . . . [gained] the ability to make one's body old or young at will, the ability to heal the ill without physical contact, the ability to cure the insane and incapacitated."

Everyone, it seems, is 74 trillion years old, and has been reincarnated over & over in cycles ("spirals"), which have been getting shorter as evolution has speeded up. The current spiral began a mere 35,000 years ago. Everyone has a "theta being," which represents his essential thought-energy and becomes associated with a "MEST" body (another Hubbard made from the initials of matter, energy, space, time).

Clams & Birds. In contrast with the primitive dianetician, who was content merely to probe the subject's life here on earth, the scientologist gets him stretched on a couch, gripping the electrodes and usually wearing blinkers and tries to reach preconception pains as fast as possible.

The subject may be disturbed because of unimaginable horrors perpetrated on his theta being in outer space billions of years ago. ("Things are as rough in outer space as they are here," says a devout Hubbardian. "Anything can happen.") If a subject has a pain in his jaw, it may be that in an earlier spiral he was a clam. If this pain is associated with fear of falling, he must have been a clam that was picked

© Sample, from Hubbard's new tract, *Scientology: 8-80*. "An individual who cannot get out of his body immediately can look around inside his head and find the black spots and turn them white . . ."

up by a bird and dropped on the rocks. Whenever the subject starts to babble about the terrible conditions on Venus or the moon, the scientologist knows that he is on the beam. More mundanely, if the subject gets up to date enough to remember his own conception of the first cellular subdivision of his body matter, it may, Hubbard says, cure his cancer.

Scientology clubs are springing up, and their members are all prattling about ded (deserved action) and dedex (ded exposed), genetic entity and prenatal vision, and a lot more adastraperasperal words. Needed for a club's start: a collection of Hubbard's books (\$2 to \$5) and an E-meter (\$98.50 at Hubbard's Phoenix headquarters).

Capsules

¶ Most of the motorized menaces on U.S. highways do not lack driving skill, but suffer from emotional disturbances, said New York University's Dr. Herbert J. Stack. He recommended psychological treatment for offenders who run through red lights because they hate their jobs or their mothers.

¶ The American Red Cross called for blood donations on an all-out, wartime scale, beginning at once, so that gamma globulin (TIME, Nov. 3) can be processed in readiness for next year's polio epidemics. The goal: 5,000,000 pints.

¶ Doctors of the Food & Drug Administration, spurred by last summer's scare about Chloromycetin, checked 539 cases of blood disorders, such as aplastic anemia, which might have been caused by drugs. In 55, they found, Chloromycetin was used alone, and in 143 with other drugs, but in 341 cases other drugs or no drugs had been used. Their conclusion: doctors should watch more carefully for ill effects of all drugs.

¶ For his work in rehabilitating the physically handicapped at Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital and promoting rehabilitation programs across the U.S., Dr. Howard A. Rusk, 51, was named winner of the \$10,000 Dr. C. C. Criss Award, given annually by an Omaha insurance firm.

¶ Every year there are about 28,000 fatal accidents in U.S. homes. Most dangerous places, says the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., are the bedroom, kitchen and stairs: "The much-maligned bathroom [is] a relatively unimportant factor."

¶ When Rancher Jack E. Johnson of Santa Rosa, N. Mex., took his wife Paula, 20, to Santa Fe, doctors knew that she was doomed by acute yellow atrophy of the liver, doubted that they could save her unborn offspring. They tried anyway, and just before Mrs. Johnson died they delivered, by Caesarean section, three boys, each around 3½ lbs. This week, the triplets were doing fine in incubators.

¶ More teeth are lost from pyorrhea than decay, Tuft's College Professor Irving Glickman told Greater New York dentists, and pyorrhea is essentially a disease not of the gums but of bone. Treatment, therefore, must cover the patient's calcium metabolism and hormone balance, not just his mouth.

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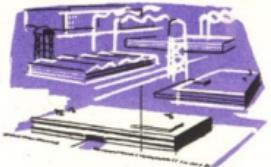
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EDUCATION

Clear & Effective?

When the New York City board of education set up a special committee to investigate the teaching of reading and English composition in the high schools, it was ready for some bad news—but not for quite such bad news as it got. In 1938, the committee reported last week, only 26% of the pupils entering high school were a year or more behind in their ability to read. Since then, the number has jumped to 34%, and 10% of the pupils are as many as four years below par.

As for writing, the pupils are also lagging: out of 800 compositions that the committee looked over, about one in five had five or more spelling mistakes. There were also 225 errors in tense, 103 "misplaced modifiers," 309 cases of awkward structure, 729 errors involving personal pronouns, and 1,000 mistakes in "word usage and idiom."

All this depressed the committee, but many New Yorkers who read the report found themselves depressed for another reason. If the committee's stuffy officialese is an example of "clear, acceptable and effective" English, then New York's pupils might just as well give up. Sample from page 1 of the report:

"In a bulletin addressed to the principals and chairmen of departments of English and of speech, it was stated that the Survey would seek to ascertain the contribution which instruction in English and speech, through its emphasis on the four areas of communication, makes to the attainment of the objectives of secondary education. The basic assumption on which the Survey was planned was, therefore, that instruction in English is instruction in communication—in a two-way process between someone who speaks or writes (or has written) and someone (or a group) who listens or reads and who in turn may speak or write. Correlatively, it was assumed . . . etc., etc."

The Grubstakers

Over the years, the tax-free philanthropic foundations have helped make the U.S. a true land of opportunity. They have spent millions to advance research, have sped hundreds of scholars on their way. But have foundation grants always been wise? Have some of them gone to support un-American and perhaps subversive activities? Last week a House investigating committee headed by Georgia's Eugene Cox was told: yes, on occasion.

As everyone knew, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace had made one major blooper: in 1946 it appointed Alger Hiss to be its president. But, argued Trustee John W. Davis,⁶ onetime Democratic candidate for the U.S. presidency, Hiss had come with the highest recommendations. One of his chief sponsors was

Chairman John Foster Dulles, and not a single member of the board could see anything wrong with Hiss's record. Had he ever shown a bias in favor of the Soviet Union while in office? replied Davis flatly: "Not the slightest."

Only 1%, Hiss was not the only name on the endowment listed last week. Between 1926 and 1939 it gave \$182,000 to the Institute of Pacific Relations, which in 1952 was denounced by the McCarran Committee as an "instrument of Communist policy." It also paid out about \$15,000 in small sums to such leftists as Professor Frederick Schuman of Williams College, and Economist Mordecai Ezekiel, listed by the House Un-American Activities Committee as a member of the American League for Peace and Democracy and of the



John Zimmerman

ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION'S RUSK
He found some skeletons.

Southern Conference on Human Welfare. All in all, said the endowment's President Joseph E. Johnson, the endowment had spent something more than \$246,000 on people and organizations that were later "cited or criticized" by congressional committees. But this represented only 1% of "all of our expenditures."

The Rockefeller Foundation's closets revealed some similar skeletons. It gave \$1,885,359 to the I.P.R., \$1,500 through a "misunderstanding" to Owen Lattimore to attend an I.P.R. conference in New Delhi, \$15,684 from 1935 to 1939 to the French Communist Frederic Joliot-Curie for his work in physics, \$8,250 to Composer Hanns Eisler, brother of Communist Gerhart Eisler, and \$6,050 to Economist Oscar Lange, who later became a diplomatic representative of Communist Poland. In 1948, as a "calculated risk," it also gave the China Aid Council \$7,500 to translate Western classics into Chinese—six years after the House Un-American

⁶ For news of another case argued by Lawyer Davis last week, see NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

Activities Committee had tagged the council as a Red "subsidiary." The foundation's questionable grants, said President Dean Rusk (who resigned as Assistant Secretary of State to take the job), had cost about \$2,000,000, but this seemed to be a good batting average out of a total expenditure of \$470 million.

Only One Outrage. As for the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, said its Secretary Henry Allen Moe, "the most outrageous mistake of all" was a 1935 grant to Scenarist Alvah Bessie, who later became one of the Hollywood Ten jailed for contempt of Congress. But except for Bessie and two or three others, said Moe, the foundation had done well: like its sister organizations, it had never knowingly subsidized a subversive, and it never would.

Then why do foundations make the



International
PHILANTHROPIST GUGGENHEIM
"You have got to take chances."

mistakes they do? Said Secretary Moe: "Senator Guggenheim,²⁰ as you know, was a miner, a mining man, and he understood what a grubstake was . . . He used to say: 'When you are grubstaking, you take chances. You act on the best evidence you've got, but still you have got to take chances.' We who operate really on the frontiers of knowledge and understanding have to recognize that we are not the Almighty. And not being the Almighty, we can't find out everything . . . If [applicants for a grant] are members of any movement . . . which does their thinking

* The late Simon Guggenheim, a Jewish immigrant's son who, with his six brothers, built one of the world's great mining empires, served as U.S. Senator from Colorado from 1907 to 1913. A lavish Lord Bountiful ("Have a new school on me," he would say), he set up his foundation in 1925 in memory of his son, to support "an endless succession of scholars, scientists and artists . . . [to] advance human achievement."

for them or which indicates what their conclusions must be or ought to be, they are not free to follow their evidence and their own thinking; and they get no money from us. [But] unorthodoxy of thinking, in a man who is free to think, is no bar and must not be a bar . . .

"If this foundation . . . should attempt to prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics . . . science, art, or in any other manifestations of the mind or spirit, it had better not be in existence."

Report Card

¶ At Barnard College in Manhattan, the undergraduate paper, the *Bulletin*, created a major tizzy when it appeared one morning last week with only a single front-page editorial announcing that the entire *Bulletin* was out on strike. Reason for the strike: college officials were censoring the staff for its insistence that Barnard girls be allowed to visit the rooms of Columbia College students. The editors of the *Bulletin* promptly disowned the edition, said they were not on strike, and had never even "considered the question of women visiting men." Who, then, had written the editorial? At week's end the Barnard women had only their suspicions: the Columbia men.

¶ In spite of a special faculty committee's recommendation to the contrary, the board of trustees at Rutgers University ordered two professors—Historian Moses I. Finley and Physicist Simon W. Heimlich—dismissed unless they answer the questions of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee as to whether they are or ever were members of the Communist Party. Said the trustees: "The refusal of a faculty member, on the grounds of possible self-incrimination, to answer [such] questions . . . impairs confidence in his fitness to teach. It is also incompatible with the standards required of him as a member of his profession."

¶ In South Africa, Prime Minister Daniel Malan, as Chancellor of the University of Stellenbosch, 1) gave his son his B.A. degree, and 2) issued a few stern Malapropos about a university's obligation to segregate its non-whites. The non-segregated Universities of Cape Town and the Witwatersrand, said he, "are a blatant anomaly . . . A university, according to them, need not take into account state policies or the fundamental character of the people. University freedom, they hold, is unlimited, including the right . . . even to say whether the particular university will be for both whites and non-whites or not. On the contrary, universities must bear the same general character as the state itself."

¶ Angered by the local P.T.A.'s criticism of the way schools teach the three Rs these days, the sophomore class of Washington's Coulee Dame High School challenged the grown-ups to an old-fashioned spelling bee. Last week, for 20 minutes, the grown-ups did their best, but they missed embarrassment, flubbed efficiency, collapsed on laboratory and paraffin. Final score: victory for the sophomores, 10 to 6.



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SPORT

Gentlemanly Jujitsu

At Paris' unheated *Palais des Sports* last week, the barefooted contestants, dressed in pajamalike costumes, clambered carefully into the canvas-covered ring. At a signal from the referee, the contestants knelt on their haunches, Japanese style, heads bowed low. Then they hopped to their feet and came out fighting. Much of the fighting was a soundless, antic pantomime with the contestants warily circling each other, clutching pajama tops, watching the opponent's feet like two children taking their first steps on the dance floor.

After four minutes, the silence was broken by a bloodcurdling "Yeeeeooowwhh!" France's Guy Verrier, uttering the cry to 1) unnerve his opponent, and 2) give added power to his stomach muscles, caught his opponent with a hip hold, gave a mighty heave and hurled Austria's Robert Jaquemond to the mat. The toss earned France's Verrier, 24, a strapping 202-pounder, the individual title at the European Judo championships, and helped France win the team crown (over Austria, 2-0). The fall gave Austria's burly Jaquemond the only injury of the tournament: a sprained wrist.

"Muscle Culture." As last week's tournament showed, the sport of judo, founded in 1882 by a Japanese named Jigoro Kano, is nothing more than a gentlemanly version of jujitsu. Kano learned the an-

cient art at 18, but decided that the kicking, stabbing and choking were more than he could stomach. So he founded the "muscle culture" of judo, an "efficient use of energy" that eliminated the mayhem and murder of jujitsu. Since Kano's time, the judo cult has spread to all corners of the globe. The first judo club was formed in Britain in 1918, in France in 1938. After the war, judo boomed. France, center of the European cult, now has 150,000 judo wrestlers (called judoka) in 500 clubs, and the International Judo Federation now includes ten European nations.*

Judoka consider themselves head & shoulders above ordinary grunt & groaners. One haughty English contestant spoke up for all judoka last week: "Judo is a clean, honest sport, an art, physical poetry, not a childish theatrical exhibition."

"I Can't Look!" After the championships last week there was one theatrical exhibition that made even judoka shudder. As a finale to the tournament, Japan's little (5 ft. 6 in., 165 lbs.) Shozo Awazu, currently coaching in France, took on ten of the contestants one after another.

* The ten: France, Britain, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, The Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, West Germany and Denmark. Next year the U.S., Canada, Cuba, Brazil, Argentina and Australia are expected to join. Last week Japan (with more than 1,000,000 judo athletes) joined the federation and Risel Kano, son of judo's founder, became the new president.

One ringside Frenchman, swigging cognac against the cold, covered his eyes as Awazu let loose the first of his shrieking "Yeeeeooowwhh!" "God, I can't look," shuddered the ringsider. "Tell me if he eats them too." Awazu, a sixth-dan judoka, did not go that far, but he tossed the ten contestants in just 15 minutes without even raising a sweat.

No. 33

"Too lean and fragile," said the scouting report. "He can't play the kind of football we play in this conference." Samuel Adrian Baugh (rhymes with law) was, indeed, lean (6 ft. 2 in., 175 lbs.), but the rawboned Texan from Sweetwater was far from fragile. What's more, he wanted to play football so badly that he spent hour after hour throwing a ball through a swinging auto tire to learn passing accuracy. The practice paid off. Baugh was an All-American quarterback in 1935 and 1936 and led his Texas Christian teammates to victory in both the Sugar and Cotton Bowls.

A hard-hitting baseball player as well, Baugh got an offer to try out as a third baseman for the St. Louis Cardinals. He settled instead for a professional football contract with the Washington Redskins. Owner George Preston Marshall introduced his new star to reporters by dressing him up in a cowboy outfit, from Stetson to high-heeled boots. Taciturn Sam answered questions in monosyllables. His most notable remark: "Mah feet hurt."

Baugh let his passing arm do the talking for him. Year after year his slingshots—bullet "buttonhooks" or pinpointed "floaters"—found their mark on the field and in the National Football League record books. He picked up such nicknames as the "Redskin Rifle," the "Sweetwater Stringbean," and, naturally, "Slingin' Sam." And in the rough & tumble N.F.L., sinewy Sam Baugh, the kid who was once considered too fragile for college football, never once had a serious injury, never broke a bone.

In recent years, every time the pass master cocked his arm to throw a football he set a record. In 1945 he had a fabulous completion percentage of .703. Two years later Baugh threw 354 passes, completed 210 of them for 2,938 yards, setting three alltime N.F.L. records in one season. As a quick-kicker, he had no peer; as a defensive player, in the days before the two-platoon system, Baugh once led the N.F.L. in interceptions. Almost since the day he entered the league, the big No. 33 on Baugh's back has been the biggest attraction in professional football.

A player-coach this season, after three or



FRANCE'S VERRIER (LEFT) & AUSTRIA'S JAQUEMOND
"Yeeeeooowwhh!"

* In judo hierarchy, contestants are graded by an intricate system. Novices wear white belts. Then, through about two years' training, the novice judoka progresses through yellow, orange, green, blue and brown belts. From brown to the coveted black takes another year. There are ten grades of black belt, starting with first dan (i.e., grade). Sixth dan is the highest competitive rank. Higher dans are reserved for judo masters. No European ranks higher than fifth dan, but there are three tenth-dan men in the world, all Japanese.



Walter Bennett
SAMMY BAUGH
His feet hurt.

four tentative attempts to retire, Baugh, now 38, was willing to turn the passing chores over to younger players. But in the opening game of the season, Coach Baugh knew that his understudy was not yet ready. Getting off the bench, Baugh put on a dazzling performance: eleven straight completions for two touchdowns and an upset victory for the Redskins over the Chicago Cardinals.

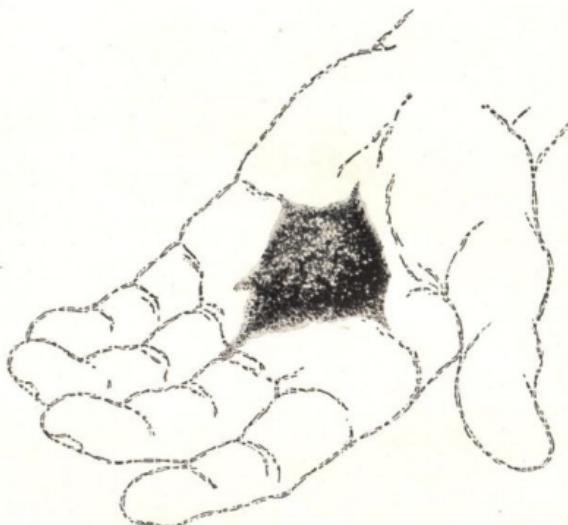
This week, No. 33 trotted on to the field for his final fling. Some 22,000 fans were in the stands as Baugh ran through a series of downs, spent half an hour after the game signing autographs. Now a successful rancher with 6,355 acres in Rotan, Texas—thanks to some \$300,000 earned in salaries and endorsements (“half went to Texas, half to taxes”)—Sammy Baugh was altogether ready to call it quits after 16 years, the longest playing career in N.F.L. history.

The Little One

Ignacio V. (for nothing) Teran was undersized from the day he was born in 1933. As he grew up in the slums of Los Angeles, where his mother supported the family as a railroad car worker, he was always too little and too good-looking to get along with the rest of the boys. So he learned to fight.

He learned other things. Accused of stabbing a boy in a brawl, he spent time in the Preston School of Industry (a reform school), where “I learned everything dirty there is to know about life.” At Preston, he also learned about heroin. At the age of 16, soon after getting out of Preston, he took his first “pop” of heroin as casually as another youngster might take a bottle of soda. He did it because the bigger boys wouldn’t take him to the beach with them unless he did.

But “Keeny” (a corruption of the Spanish for “little one”) Teran, was also and up & coming bantamweight (118 lbs.)



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PRODUCTION

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Los Angeles Mirror

BOXER TERAN

boxer. As an amateur, he was beaten only once. As a professional, Keeney was hailed as a coming champion (16 wins, one draw); last year he won the boxing writers' "Fighter of the Year" award. Then, one night, his heroin-addled body failed to respond. Keeney took a savage beating from Hawaii's Tommy Umeda, a man he'd beaten twice before.

The beating put Keeny on heroin more heavily than ever. Soon he was pawning his possessions to buy the stuff. Although he was devoted to his wife Sally and daughter Celia, Keeny could not quit the habit. He decided to commit suicide. Then Los Angeles *Mirror* Reporter Lou Larkin, tipped off to the story, caught up with 19-year-old Keeny Teran.

Keeny had tried the wrenching, agonizing struggle to shake the habit once before, and had fled from a Texas cure center after two weeks. This time, with Reporter Larkin's encouragement, the little round-faced Mexican-American boy went to a boxers' training camp and fought himself back into shape. Last week, on the eve of his first comeback fight, the *Mirror* broke the story all over Page One.

Keeny was so ashamed and so frightened by the publicity that he threatened to punch Reporter Larkin. The afternoon before the fight, one of Keeny's cynical compatriots sneered: "Going to take some junk into the ring with ya?"

But that night, with 6,500 fans rooting for him, Keeny, his nose smashed, his left hand sprained, came off the canvas after a sixth-round, eight-count knockout and won a unanimous decision over his old tormentor, Tommy Umeda. By week's end Keeny was swamped with offers from Chicago, Honolulu, Mexico and the Philippines. But Keeny, hoping he has the habit licked at last, is setting his sights on the top. Says Keeny: "I'd really like to fight in the Garden. That's it, the big apple. I'd die if I got to fight there."

MUSIC

The Met by Wire

The movie managers played it big. In Omaha, red carpeting was stretched from curb to lobby; in Asbury Park, N. J., advertisements invited people to come in evening clothes (but very few did); in Richmond, Va., the popcorn machine was hauled out of sight for the night. Ticket prices were scaled as high as \$7.20. Finally, when all was in readiness, some 60,000 customers marched into theaters in 27 cities to see a live performance of *Carmen*, coming from the Metropolitan Opera in Manhattan over closed-circuit television.

In a good many ways it was a disappointment. Visually, most of *Carmen* came through flat and featureless. The second-act inn looked more like a cavern than a tavern, and in the long shots the singers were as faceless as blips on a radar screen. Moreover, there was trouble with the sound reproduction in some theaters. Reported Critic Claudia Cassidy in the Chicago Tribune: "What the sound equipment was up to, besides sandblasting, I'm not certain."

But audiences took the whole experiment in better part. They admired the well-timed camera work and the sense of almost being on the stage. In the close-ups, they saw Singers Risë Stevens and Richard Tucker in more detail than any spectators at the Met were seeing them. In general, they seemed to share the illusion of the opera house, and burst into applause after the arias. Most of them gave first-try mistakes.

Theater managers, too, were warily happy; the performance lured a special audience into their show places, and some of them even showed a profit. Theater Network Television, which arranged the showing, recognized its mistakes, thought it could clear up line troubles next time, even if it couldn't make dark scenes on the Met stage come through bright.

Another Streetcar

In Manhattan last week, ballet and modern dance were at holiday boil. The biggest crowds (up to 3,000 a night) were piling in to see George Balanchine's New York City Ballet, which has found attendance so good that it has extended its "fall season" into January (TIME, Dec. 8). Among the other troupes keeping dance fans hopping were those of Spanish Dancer Jose Greco (flamenco in high heels) and Mexican Dancer Jose Limón (expressionism in bare feet).

The hit of the week, nonetheless, was a steamy ballet treatment of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, performed by the new troupe of Mia Slavenska and Frederic Franklin, onetime stars of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

Play and moviegoers unfamiliar with the tangled tale of *Streetcar* were hard put to follow the plot line, but found it gripping and disturbing nevertheless. Beaten Blanche Du Bois, danced by Slavenska, quickly revealed the incipient madness which, in the play, had a slower buildup. Thereafter, the dance action veered between Blanche's lurid inner life and the real life of a New Orleans slum: Blanche's wistful meeting with a potential suitor, a boisterous crap game, the taut marriage of her sister and brother-in-law (danced by Lois Ellyn and Franklin). Dramatic climax: a hair-raising chase through a series of shuttered doors.

The troupe also boasted several standard tiptoeing ballets, as well as famed Ballerina Alexandra Danilova as guest star. But *Streetcar*, composed by Modern Dancer Valerie Bettis, was clearly the breadwinner. The management sagely scheduled it for every performance except the first children's matinee. Midway in their one-week stand, Slavenska, Franklin & Co. decided to extend their run into January, then take *Streetcar* back on the road.



Fred Fehl

SLAVENSKA & FRANKLIN

Also flamenco in high heels and expressionism in bare feet.

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ART

St. Matthew by X Ray

In Milan last year, Art Critic Lionello Venturi paused before *The Martyrdom of St. Matthew*, famed masterpiece of 17th century Michelangelo da Caravaggio. Venturi had seen the painting often before in Rome's dimly lit church of San Luigi dei Francesi. But this time, aided by the strong artificial light of the Milan gallery, where it was on loan, he thought he saw a vague overlapping of paint surfaces around the fallen figure of St. Matthew. He persuaded government art authorities to X-ray the canvas.

Three months and 96 X-ray pictures later, the experts were able to assemble what looked at first glance like a chaotic triple exposure. Studied closely, the pictures showed that Caravaggio had unmistakably started two earlier versions of his famous painting on the same canvas, and covered them over. The experts isolated parts of ten figures, deduced which of them belonged to each version, and filled them out in painstaking sketches. In a pamphlet published last week, *Critic Venturi* reported the findings.

The different versions make up a movie-like sequence of St. Matthew's assassination* by a hulking swordsman. In the first, the saint is on his feet, his hand raised against the sword. In the second (though his body does not appear), the position of the saint's head shows him kneeling or falling. In the version the world knows, St. Matthew lies sprawled on the ground, while the swordsman, straddling his body, prepares for the *cou de grâce*.

The versions are as different in mood and style as they are in composition. In No. 1, says Critic Venturi, "everything is realized in the spirit of the characters

* Legend variously attributes Matthew's death to fire, stoning and the sword. The exact circumstances are unknown.



Photo by D. Anderson, Rome
CARAVAGGIO'S THIRD VERSION (DETAIL)
An ear without a head.

rather than in the demonstration of the event." But in Nos. 2 and 3, Painter Caravaggio was clearly trying to stress dramatic, physical movement—a concession, says Venturi, to the classicist critics of his day.

One peculiarity of style revealed by the X-ray pictures: Caravaggio never bothered sketching in his figures before painting them; he worked directly with oils. The presence in the early versions of a few headless ears indicates that Caravaggio probably started with an ear when painting heads, using it as a guide in developing the proportions of the rest of the body.

Armed with so much valuable information, the experts must let the final version of the painting hang in the Rome church as it has for 350 years. The brushwork on the canvas is so intimately overlapped, they explained, that it would be impossible to lay bare the early layers without sacrificing the surface.

Swiss Sunlight

For all its businesslike calm, Switzerland has produced a few passionate painters, and possibly two with an important place in art history. The first was the sophisticated fantasist Paul Klee, who died in 1940. His art had all the delicacy and sparkle of a Swiss watch. The second great Swiss painter may well be Max Gubler, 54, a sober, square-faced man with straggly grey hair and intense grey eyes. His art is sunny and nourishing as Swiss cheese. Last week the Zurich Art Museum was staging a retrospective show of 136 Gubler canvases dating all the way back to 1917.

Considering the length of his career and the size of his accomplishment, Gubler is amazingly obscure. He has gone hungry in Italy and France as well as in Zurich, and hardly anyone outside Switzerland ever heard of him until he won a top



Private Collection, Agnelli
GUBLER'S "YOUNG MAN WITH CLARINET"
A pike among the goldfish.

prize in last summer's *Biennale* at Venice (TIME, July 28).

Critics were agreed on Gubler's genius. Said one: "The daring of a Picasso and the colors of a Bonnard." Said a German critic: "Most of the younger Swiss artists behave like goldfish in a sheltered pond . . . Gubler stands out among these goldfish like a pike." A visitor, who had flown from Paris to see the show, more aptly compared Gubler to a salmon that has produced remarkably after a terrific uphill climb.

In the course of his climb, Gubler resolutely refused to do anything for money. He painted as he pleased, and only occasionally sold a canvas to one of the few friends (mostly doctors and dentists) who admired his work. "I don't know how we lived," says Mrs. Gubler. "Often we had to make the difficult choice between buying food or colors and canvases. We always finished by buying the colors and canvases first and somehow we survived." In 1937 they reached the quiet pool where Gubler was to do his best work: a studio home overlooking the Limmat valley, outside Zurich. The Swiss government had finally granted Gubler an annual \$1,000 subsidy, and Swiss collectors had begun to find him out.

Gubler's triumphs of the last decade are intense portraits (often of his wife or of himself) and pictures of what lies before his door. He rises with the sun every day, and goes out to sketch the valley in all weathers. The sketches he likes he puts aside for a year or more, then translates them into big (5 ft. by 7 ft.) canvases in his studio. He works fast, but when a painting goes badly, he puts it aside at once, perhaps for months. "You have to get it inside yourself," he says. "Talent you can have in your pocket, but poetry is the thing, the light, the vision of the painter, beyond all words and theories."

His vision is lyrical, and his execution is both monumental and uncannily luminous. Sunshine and clear air seem to flow over the rich, rolling land of Gubler's canvases into the rooms where they hang.



Private Collection, Zurich
GUBLER SELF-PORTRAIT
A salmon in a quiet pool.



Metropolitan Museum of Art

CHRISTMAS 1776 Great paintings tend to come & go in the mind's eye, but for millions of Americans a first history-book impression of *Washington Crossing the Delaware* is apt to go on forever. In 1851 a German named Emanuel Leutze painted the picture to commemorate the Christmas night when Washington, with 2,500 men, surprised the Hessians at Trenton and

took 950 prisoners. Although Leutze used German faces and the Rhine as models, and portrayed a flag that was not adopted until 1777, he created an image convincing enough to stick.

Not nearly so familiar is John Trumbull's authentic painting, *The Capture of the Hessians at Trenton* (below). Patriot Trumbull, who served for a time with Washington, knew his subject, but fixed it on canvas instead of in people's minds.

Yale University Art Gallery





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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Open Hands

In Hollywood, a man named Al Petker boasts that he has a warehouse packed with a million dollars' worth of merchandise—ranging from bakery rolls to cultured pearls. Petker is a *Schlockmeister*,⁹ defined in the radio-TV lexicon as "somebody in the business of giving away somebody else's merchandise." Like such other *Schlockmeisters* as Walter Kline, Adolph Wenland and Manhattan's Waldo Mayo, Petker gives things away in return for just a kind word. But there is a slight catch: the kind word must refer to a particular product by its brand name, and it must be mentioned on a radio or TV show with an audience of millions. Give-away programs

jokes themselves that give a free plug to the brand of one of their clients. Explains Waldo Mayo: "A comic may have ten writers already—O.K., I'll be his eleventh writer for free."

Other *Schlockmeisters* thoughtfully send around to writing teams lists of leading national firms and their products with the notation that "any time we get these mentioned, we will deeply appreciate it." The deep appreciation always takes a concrete form—anything from a case of Scotch to a lifetime supply of fertilizer.

Sheer Friendliness. Radio Writer-Producer Don (*Fibber McGee & Molly*) Quinn thinks that "this practice amounts to petty larceny. After all, for me to chisel a part of my sponsor's time to give a free plug to someone else in return for an electrical bicycle pump just plain isn't honest." But Quinn has been unable to get the Radio Writers' Guild or his advertising agency to share his indignation. And he concedes that policing the practice is nearly impossible: "Inevitably, a gag will occur that names a national product. You'd be silly not to use it if it helps the show. Then if they want to give you a piece of the Hope diamond out of gratitude, you'd be silly not to accept it."

Schlockmeister Waldo Mayo can't find any ethical problem in the business at all. Says he: "Product names are a part of our language—we always say Kleenex or Coke instead of cleansing tissue or soft drink. Getting publicity for a brand name is no more different or immoral than getting it for a singer or hoover." As for sending gifts to cooperating writers and comics, Mayo says that's nothing but sheer friendliness: "Why, at Christmastime, everybody in the U.S. exchanges gifts—they're all *Schlockmeisters*."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Dec. 19. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Stars over Hollywood (Sat. 12:30 p.m., CBS). Edmund Gwenn in *A Christmas Carol*.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Soloist: Pianist Guiomar Novaes.

Queen Elizabeth (Thurs. 6:15 p.m., CBS). The Queen's Christmas message.

Heritage (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., ABC). Dramatization of Christmas ceremonies.

TELEVISION

All-Star Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Tallulah Bankhead, with Jack Carson, Louis Armstrong, Patsy Kelly.

Christmas Eve Service (Wed. 11:30 p.m., CBS). From Washington's National Cathedral.

Midnight Mass (Wed. midnight, NBC). From Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral.

TV Opera Theater (Thurs. 6 p.m., NBC). Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*.



Murray Garrett—Graphic House

SCHLOCKMEISTER WENLAND

For a kind word, \$1,000,000.

get the bulk of the *Schlockmeister's* warehouse hoard. Any televiewer who has sat benumbed while an announcer rattles off the list of prizes knows how meticulously the *Schlockmeister* is paid his due.

Writer for Free. The radio & TV networks approve the arrangement between *Schlockmeisters* and give-aways. They are not so sure about another facet of the business known as the "payola." Originally, the payola was a simple expression of gratitude. If a TV comic used a brand name in a joke (e.g., "Your hair looks like you combed it with a Waring mixer"), he would be likely to receive a Waring mixer in the next mail. But *Schlockmeisters* are not always content to wait until a comic thinks up a joke on his own. To speed matters along, they may write up a few

* The origin of *Schlockmeister* is obscure. Philologists cannot agree on whether *Schlock* is a Yiddish, German or Latvian word. They do agree that its general connotation is "junk, shoddy goods." Hence, a *Schlockmeister* is a dealer in conglomerate merchandise, often inferior.

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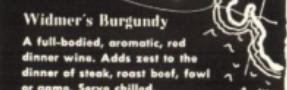
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RELIGION

Torah in English

When Menachem Kasher was a boy of 15 in Warsaw, he was already writing articles on Hebrew scholarship. After he became a rabbi (at 18), he began collecting ancient and medieval manuscripts of the Jewish sacred scrolls. In 1927 he brought out the first volume of the Torah Shelema (the complete Torah), a collection of the five books of Moses, the Jewish "Written Law," as well as the 2,000 years of Rabbinic commentaries on them, including the Talmud, or "Oral Law."

Written in Hebrew, it began a series which was praised as the first complete collection of Rabbinic literature ever undertaken. Other volumes followed. To date, 15 (out of 35) have appeared.

Last week in Manhattan, Rabbi Kasher took the wraps off a new project, an English translation of the Torah Shelema. The first volume, which covers only the first chapter of *Genesis*, is being put on

sale this month (price: \$10). The others will appear as soon as the volumes of the Hebrew Torah Shelema can be translated. With his project now underwritten by a committee of U.S. Jewish laymen, Rabbi Kasher, 57, works 16-hour days in his Manhattan study to get new volumes ready, and he is helped by a corps of assistants in Israel and New York. But finishing the Torah Shelema will take time. Estimated publication date for the last Hebrew volume: 1970.

The Council Speaks

The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. has set a course through some rough weather since its founding two years ago. Many Protestants incorrectly thought of it as a "super-church" in the making, instead of a union of independent member churches. Moreover, some U.S. denominations, e.g., the Southern Baptists (membership: 7,400,000) and the Missouri Synod Lutherans

(membership: 1,800,000), have refused to join. Yet the council, representing 35 million church members, has given U.S. Protestantism a collective voice that it never had before in its history.

In Denver last week, 1,835 council delegates met in general assembly. They elected a new president, Methodist Bishop William C. Martin of Dallas (*see box*), to succeed retiring President Henry Knox Sherrill, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. They approved plans for streamlining the council's somewhat makeshift administration machinery. Finally, they issued a "letter to the Christian people of America," a broad commentary on the concerns and responsibilities of the church today.

The council's letter* was the work of a committee headed by Presbyterian John A. Mackay, president of Princeton Theological Seminary. Similar in scope and intent to the annual pronouncements of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the U.S., it is the first such statement that might be called the teaching voice of U.S. Protestantism. Excerpts:

Intersecting Circles. "Our supreme task as Christians is to be instruments in God's hands to carry forward His purpose in Christ for mankind. Our churches, therefore, cannot be ends in themselves. We dare not, moreover, make them the servants of any one culture, class, race or nation . . . They must radiate the light of God on all things human; that is their prophetic mission . . .

"In our country, religion and government have not been like contiguous squares, but rather like circles which intersect at two points. These points have been the reverent awareness of God, on the one hand, and the recognition of absolute moral values on the other.

"Inasmuch, therefore, as this nation was intended to be a religious nation, we should use all legitimate means to prevent it from becoming a secular state in the current sense of the term. A typical secular state, by rejecting the reality and authority of God and the relevance of religion in life, deprecates religion and exalts irreligion. Furthermore, secularism can take on the character of a positive religion, as it has done in certain modern states, whether of the Communist or Fascist type. When this happens, a state tends to assume divine prerogatives and commits satanic crimes.

"[Yet] we must never allow our government to be controlled by a particular religious organization. That any church should . . . receive special privileges in the national life or in international relations, would be a violation of our basic principles . . ."

Public Schools. "We believe in our public school system. It is unfair to say that where religion is not taught in a public school, that school is secular or Godless . . . On the other hand, a way must

NATIONAL COUNCIL'S NEW PRESIDENT



Lillian Paganini—Col-Pix
BISHOP MARTIN

Elected to a two-year term as president of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.: Bishop William C. (for Clyde) Martin, of Dallas.

Background: Born at Randolph, Tenn. on July 28, 1893, the son of a timber contractor. His mother died when he was young, and he spent most of his early years on his grandfather's farm in western Tennessee. Educated at the University of Arkansas and Hendrix College in Conway, Ark. (B.A. 1918). Served overseas in World War I as an Army Medical Corpsman. After studying in Scotland at the University of Aberdeen, received a Bachelor of Divinity degree from Southern Methodist University in 1921, later got his first D.D. (*honoris causa*) at Hendrix.

Family: When his father remarried, an Arkansas girl named Sally Katherine Beene became his stepister. He married her in 1918. They have three children, four grandchildren.

Church Career: Ordained in the Methodist Episcopal Church (South) in 1921. He held city pastorates in Texas and Arkansas for 17 years, was once pastor of Dallas' roomy First Methodist Church (membership: 5,200). Elected a bishop in 1938, he presided over the Pacific Area (1939), then the Kansas-Nebraska Area (1939-48) of the Methodist Church. Since 1948 has been resident bishop of the Dallas-Fort Worth Area, a stronghold of U.S. Methodism. Already a vice president of the Methodist Council of Bishops, he is also scheduled to become presiding bishop of the Methodist Church next year.

Hobbies: A high-school and college football player and once an energetic hunter and fisherman, he has lately cut athletics, now gets most of his exercise walking. ("I'm a member of the Dallas Athletic Club, but my activities are largely confined to the table.") Favorite reading: biography.

Personality: A hefty six-footer with a rather severe mien—a compound of close-cropped grey hair, an affinity for black suits and ties, and a habit of looking people straight in the eye—he is, however, a friendly man with a well-used sense of humor. (His disclaimer, when asked whether he avoids smokers and drinkers: "You'd sure have to do a lot of detouring in America today.") He is an able and unruffled administrator who sets a fast pace. On a recent Sunday, he preached twice in the morning at a church in Fort Worth and once each at two churches in nearby Arlington that afternoon and evening.

Outlook: A strong believer in the proposition that ecumenical cooperation, now functioning well at the top level, should be extended to the grass roots. He told the assembly: "We've been concerned here with the overhead of cooperation. We've been on dress parade . . . I am concerned in bringing the services of the council into closer relationship with the local community . . . This overhead fellowship is delightful and enriching, but there should be elimination of the sense of futility that grows out of the overlapping and duplication of denominational programs on the local parish level."

* The salutation "Dear Brethren" became "Dear Fellow Christians" at the behest of women delegates, some of whom felt slighted by "brethren."

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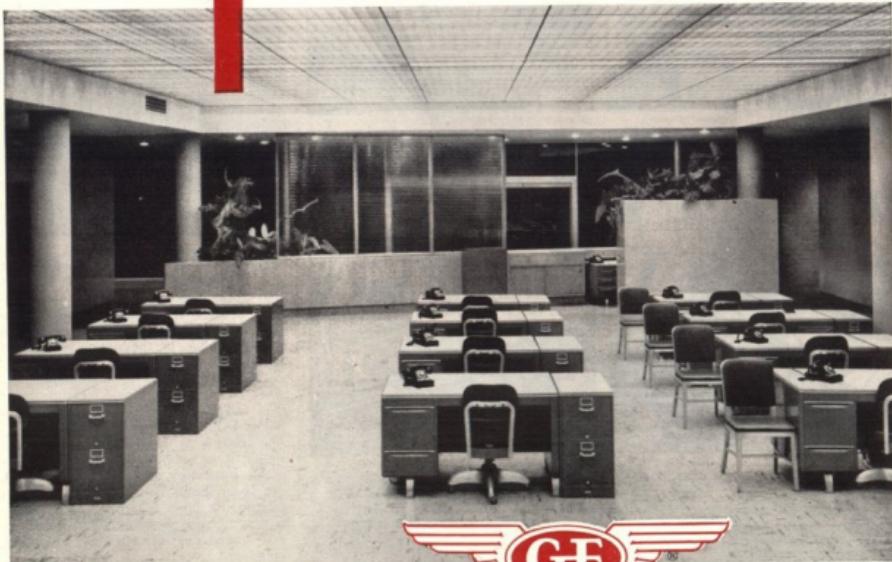
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be found to make the pupils of American schools aware of the heritage of faith upon which this nation was established . . . On no account must an educational system which is permeated by the philosophy of secularism, something quite different from religious neutrality, be allowed to gain control of our public schools . . . In some constitutional way provision should be made for the inculcation of the principles of religion . . . within the regular schedule of a pupil's working day. In the meantime, the state should continue to accord freedom to religious bodies to carry on their own schools. But those who promote parochial schools should accept the responsibility to provide full support for those schools, and not expect to receive subsidies or special privileges from public authorities.⁷⁶

Dungeons & Boycotts. "The interests of truth are dependent upon freedom of thought . . . It is, in fact, good for truth to have to struggle with error . . . The conscientious expression of ideas must not be dealt with by a dungeon, a boycott or an index, nor by arbitrary governmental action, character assassination or the application of unjust economic or social pressures.

"We are distressed at the persistent violation of human rights in many countries, our own included. To mention only a few examples, we are deeply concerned by the restriction of religious liberty in Spain and Colombia and lands under Communist domination, and by racial discrimination in the United States and South Africa."

A Missionary Church. "The church has also a redemptive role to fulfill . . . Evangelism, the confrontation of men with Jesus Christ so that they may accept Him as their Saviour and follow Him as their Lord in the fellowship of the church, is the church's primary task. It is not sufficient that the Gospel be preached in established places of worship. It is necessary that it be taken to the people. Let our complacency be shaken by the fact that today, even while church membership stands at an alltime peak in the history of our country, there are still 66 million people in the nation who have no religious affiliation . . .

"When a church is no longer mobile . . . when a challenge to high adventure under God fails to awaken a response in prophetic words and redemptive deeds . . . that church is dead. It is dead even should it be acclaimed as the most venerable institution of which a nation . . . can boast. For a true church must live a pilgrim life upon the road of God's unfolding purpose, keeping close to the rugged boundaries of His ever-expanding kingdom.

"We have now come to a moment in the history of the church and of the world when it is not enough that the church should have missions; the whole church must itself become missionary."

* U.S. Roman Catholics hold that the state should pay for "auxiliary" services, e.g., public buses for parochial-school students.

SCIENCE

Decision in Khartoum

Dr. George van Biesbroeck, Belgian-born and 72, was a happy astronomer this week. Stroking his white goatee and skipping cheerfully around his office in Wisconsin's Yerkes Observatory, he told how he had checked with elegant precision the basic scientific law of the universe: Einstein's relativity.

In 1916, Einstein announced that one consequence of his theory would be that light should be bent slightly when it passes through a strong gravitational field. The only practical way to observe this effect was to photograph stars beyond the sun during a solar eclipse. Since their light passes near the sun and through its powerful gravitation, it should be deflected



Arthur Siegel

ASTRONOMER VAN BIESBROECK
After E-day, a shift in the sky.

a little, making the stars seem to shift their positions. The amount of the shift could be measured by photographing the same starfield months later, when the earth's travel around its orbit had placed the sun in a different position and left the stars alone in the night sky.

Such measurements were made soon after Einstein's announcement and several times thereafter. The star shift showed up all right, and Einstein was considered vindicated, but the amount of the shift never came anywhere near his prediction. Observational errors or weather difficulties during the eclipses always balled things up.

So when an eclipse was due at Khartoum in the Sudan last winter, Dr. van Biesbroeck laid plans to do the job for good & all. He took to Khartoum a special telescope, 20 ft. long, and set it up in a fenced and guarded patch of desert belonging to the Sudanese Geodetic Service.

Greatest threat to his enterprise was a "mabool" (sandstorm) which blasted



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CHRISTMAS

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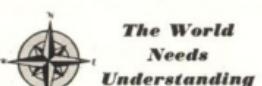
The Great American Brandy

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• Khartoum three days before the eclipse. But the mahoob subsided well before E-day, and Dr. van Biesbroeck got two good pictures of the starfield beyond the blacked-out sun. Then he wrapped his telescope in tarpaulin and flew back to Wisconsin. His precious plates, 17 inches square, never left his side for a moment.

Last August Dr. van Biesbroeck returned to the Sudan. Khartoum had not changed; the same caravans of groaning camels kicked up dust from the desert. But the brilliant stars in the desert sky had, he was sure, changed slightly. He unwrapped his telescope, chasing a dozen lizards out of the tarpaulin. Waiting five days for a night of good "seeing," he photographed the starfield in Aquarius where the sun had been six months before. Then back he flew to Wisconsin to start his long computations.

The final figure, checked over & over, was almost too pat to believe. Einstein's theory predicts that a star whose light just grazes the sun should appear to shift its position by 1.75 seconds of arc.¹⁰ The figure computed from Van Biesbroeck's photographs showed a shift of 1.70 seconds of arc. The Supreme Court of Observation had by unanimous decision confirmed Einstein's law.

Busy Pipe

An ordinary one-inch copper pipe, says Professor Harold Barlow of University College in London, can be tricked into carrying 1) a heavy load of power, 2) 2,000 telephone messages, and 3) 20 distinct television programs—and all at the same time.

Dr. Barlow, wartime head of the R.A.F.'s radio research station at Farnborough, is now considered Britain's leading authority on microwaves. He has found that waves 8.6 mm. long (40,000 megacycles) can be forced to travel long distances, with very little loss, through the kind of copper pipe that plumbers use.

In Dr. Barlow's system, the 8.6-mm. waves will stick to the inside of the pipe. On the outside surface travel somewhat longer waves (10,000 megacycles). If properly started on their journeys, the two sets of waves will not bother one another. The metal of the pipe can carry electric power, and neither the inside nor outside waves will interfere with it.

Dr. Barlow believes that plain copper pipe can replace multi-wire telephone cables as well as coaxial television cables (copper tubes with insulated copper cores). It is much cheaper than either of them. Chief remaining obstacle is the high cost of the magnetron tubes that must be used in its repeater stations, but he thinks their price can be cut down by large-scale manufacture.

The British Electricity Authority and the Post Office (which runs Britain's telephone system) are both interested in Dr. Barlow's copper pipes. One promising use: to bring electric power, television and chitchat across the Channel from France.

¹⁰ From the earth the full moon covers about half a degree or 1,800 seconds of arc.

THE THEATER

Traveling Poem

Liveliest experiment in the U.S. theater last season—and the greatest triumph—was the brilliant, bare-stage reading of Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell* (TIME, Nov. 5, 1951). Flushed by such success, Producer Paul Gregory has launched a prompt successor: Stephen Vincent Benét's 1929 Pulitzer Prize-winning narrative poem, *John Brown's Body*. With Charles Laughton again directing and with another name cast—Judith Anderson, Raymond Massey, Tyrone Power—the production opened in California in November, plans to get to Broadway in February. Meanwhile, it is

mere reading. Thus far, *John Brown* has not forged a unified style at all. With his clear, Midwestern voice and manner, Tyrone Power seems the most American, the most unobtrusive, the most effective performer. In contrast, Judith Anderson's manner seems at times a little too elevated, Raymond Massey's a little too elocutionary. The chorus is well trained, but trained to do popular tricks. For every lusty "Jubilee, Jubilo," there are a number of radio-like vocal gadgets and sound effects. Thus over & over, the chorus—in a goblin-ll-git-you voice—intones: "John Brown's body lies a mooliderin' in the grave." With the combined appeal of



John Engstead

POWER, LAUGHTON, ANDERSON & MASSEY
Divided lovers in a divided land.

playing one-night stands throughout the U.S. to the tune of such critical cries from local critics as "thrilling," "stirring."

In popular appeal, Benét's eloquent chronicle of the Civil War has more to offer than Shaw's dazzling moral debate. It tells an epic, yet hallowed and human story; it treats of divided lovers as well as a divided land. Though not the work of such a great master of stage dialogue as Shaw, the poem pretty well lends itself to stage use, has touching moments, fluid movement, big climaxes. It has also, on the whole, been well condensed.

With its chorus of 20 and its criss-crossing of themes, *John Brown* is outwardly more of a production than *Don Juan* was. Sometimes narrating events, sometimes reciting poetry, sometimes impersonating character, the stars move back & forth to the mike in a variety of roles. Beyond the appeal of the story, there is the novelty of the method.

What is missing is artistic distinction. There is not *Don Juan's* fine welding of style and showmanship; all the concealed dramatic art that lay behind an ostensible

John Brown's stars and its story, there is no reason why Laughton shouldn't strike twice. But his fixed model should be the stage and Stephen Vincent Benét, not the air waves and Norman Corwin.

New Play in Manhattan

Whistler's Grandmother (by Robert Finch) is almost as bad as its title. A young saloonkeeper, whose singer fiancée craves a wholesome family background, hires a lovable old rip to pretend to be his grandmother. She soon turns the back-room—and the boys in it—into a God-Bless-Our-Home Victorian parlor and makes every one so happy that, when the truth comes out, they all vote to go on living a lie.

To all this, Playwright Finch brings no jot of extenuating talent. His play is as harmless, soporific and old-fashioned as a child's soothing syrup. Its big asset is that grandma is played by that favorite of *You Can't Take It With You*, *Arsenic and Old Lace* and *Harvey*, Josephine Hull. But seldom has so winning an actress engaged in so losing a fight.



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THE PRESS

News by Handout?

The Defense Department, trying to get some control over what is published about the armed services, last week announced two new ground rules for newsmen covering the Pentagon:

Secretary Lovett decreed that in the future the Defense Department, and not the individual services, will release news about new weapons. In that way, said he, all reporters will get the stories at the same time. And classified information will not be revealed on an off-the-record basis as background material.

Defense's public-information officer, Andrew Berding, will no longer "protect" reporters on the trail of an exclusive story. In the past, when a reporter came to Berding's office to make the final check of an exclusive story, Berding gave the reporter information without making it general. He has gone on the theory that the hard-digging reporter was entitled to his beat. From now on, when a reporter asks questions that confirm a major story he already has, the entire press corps will be called in and given the story.

Newsmen promptly protested the new rules. Pentagon reporters, who are already hamstrung by the tightest security rules in Washington, pointed out both changes would mean that most of their news in the future would come from handouts. Some Pentagon reporters said that they would file stories, without checking with Berding, rather than take a chance that their exclusives would be released under the new rule to other newsmen.

Commented the Washington Post: "One of the troubles with Government news handouts, necessary as they often may be, is that they tend to discourage original reporting and newsgathering enterprise

... No one can quarrel with the Pentagon that on news of 'transcendent importance' there should be simultaneous release to all news media. But there are relatively few such stories—not enough surely, to warrant a general and vague rule susceptible of misrepresentation and abuse. The only result of the order, it seems to us, will be to put a premium on irresponsibility."

Bigger Press Lord

In Britain's tabloid warfare, Lord Kemsley's prim *Daily Graphic* (circ. 753,537) is no match for the racy, zestful *Daily Mirror* (circ. 4,432,700), largest daily newspaper in the world. While the *Graphic* carefully minds its manners, the *Mirror* minds its readers with eye-catching cheesecake and lurid tabloid writing. Fleet Streeters even recall that the *Graphic* once cropped a picture to show only the head of a bull because Lady Kemsley protested that the entire photo would offend *Graphic* readers.

As a result of its dullness, the *Graphic*'s earnings have dropped sharply and Fleet Street buzzed with rumors that it was about to fold. Last week, in time's nick, the *Graphic* was saved. Publisher Kemsley sold it to Lord Rothermere, owner of the *Daily Mail*, *Evening News* and *Sunday Dispatch*. "It's been the quickest deal I've ever known," said one Rothermere executive. "And the best-kept secret," Fleet Streeters hastened to add.

For Rothermere, 54, it was a step up from being a big press lord to becoming a very big one. For Kemsley it was a retreat to the provinces, where he still owns 31 newspapers. By buying the *Graphic* for an undisclosed amount, Rothermere gets a free hand to do what he wants with the paper, may drop as many as 1,000 staffers from the *Graphic*'s payroll. With the *Graphic* in hand, Lord Rothermere can wage a two-front war against 1) the *Mirror*, in the tabloid field, 2) the respected, full-size *Daily Telegraph* (circ. 991,092), which is owned by Lord Camrose, Kemsley's brother (TIME, Aug. 4). To wage his war, Rothermere can tone down his *Daily Mail* to lure readers from the *Telegraph*, jazz up the *Graphic* to fight the *Mirror*.

Fleet Streeters think that Rothermere, who inherited the chain when his father died in 1940, may be able to put the *Graphic* on its feet. Last year his *Weekly Overseas Mail* grew from a few thousand readers to more than a million on nourishing helpings of cheesecake.

The Failure of Foresight

When redheaded Paul C. (for Clifford) Smith became editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle* 15 years ago, he was the wonder boy of journalism. Only 29, Editor Smith soon cured the ailing *Chronicle*, broadened its horizon to include columns heavy with culture, foreign news and features. He picked up new readers steadily, experimented with such ideas as departmentaliz-



Maury Garber

EDITOR SMITH

In San Francisco, on ultimatum.

ing the news, developed a staff studded with columnists and breezy local writers. During World War II, he resigned from the Navy, after serving as a lieutenant commander, to enlist as a private in the Marines, did combat duty in the Pacific and came out a lieutenant. Then he went back into the Navy on active duty as a full commander.

Bachelor Smith's showplace home, high on San Francisco's Telegraph Hill, became a gathering place for West Coast visiting bigwigs and intellectuals. To San Franciscans, Smith and the *Chronicle* were as inseparable as ham & eggs. Once 40,000 names on a petition urged him to run for mayor; unions and businessmen gave him their labor disputes to mediate. Paul Smith, who stands 5 ft. 8 in. tall, had an eleven-word explanation for his success: "I'm just a little squirt anxious to be a tough guy."

A Refusal. By 1946, he had brought the *Chronicle* to its peak; daily circulation was up 58% (to 169,000), and the paper was running second only to Hearst's *Examiner*. But when postwar newsprint and labor costs began climbing, the *Chronicle*, like other dailies, was hard hit. The price of the paper went up to 10¢; then Smith put into operation a plan, which with his usual flair, he called the "Theory of Foresight," i.e., expanding the coverage and staff to give the readers more for their money, even though earnings were skidding.

Last week Smith surprised all of San Francisco; he resigned as editor of the *Chronicle*. The paper's owners, he explained, refused to go along with his Theory of Foresight. Fortnight ago, as the *Chronicle* dipped into the red, the owners fired 37 staffers while Smith was out of town. As soon as he heard the news, he hustled back with an ultimatum that either he would be consulted about such changes or he would leave. The feeling in



United Press

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the front office seemed to be that he had better leave.

Looking at the Bay. Paul Smith had been brought to the *Chronicle* as an editor in 1933 by his friend and patron, George T. Cameron, now 79, whose wife is one of the four heirs to the paper. But by last week, George Cameron was no longer the only owner's voice. His nephew, Charles Thieriot, 39, was taking a more active interest in the *Chronicle* as boss of the paper's TV station, and his younger brother, Ferdinand Peter Thieriot, 32, was on the job as a circulation executive. The biggest stockholder of all, Nan Tucker McEvoy, 33, George Cameron's niece (and wife of *Reader's Digest* Editor Dennis McEvoy), was also taking an interest in the *Chronicle*, where she has worked off & on as a reporter. Newsmen had suspected that as their interest grew, Editor Smith would have had more & more trouble running things his way.

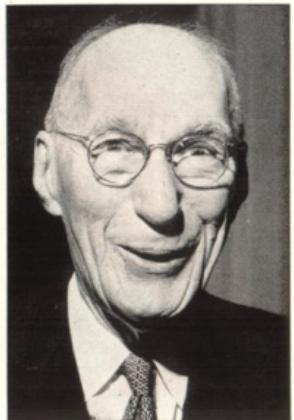
Smith's resignation left Publisher Cameron in the editor's chair until he and the other members of the family can find a new editor. Smith's own plans were indefinite. Said he: "I intend to sit and look at the bay for a while."

Mr. Politics of the Times

To most Washington newsmen, the New York Times' Bureau Chief Arthur Krock is the "Mr. Politics" of the U.S. press, but not to Krock himself; he has his own Mr. Politics. Every election night in the *Times* city room, Krock, 66 and a veteran of a mere 25 years on the *Times*, turns for guidance to a real oldtimer. "When will you call me, Jim?" asks Krock in his election night ritual. Only when 76-year-old James A. (for Andrew) Hagerty calls it does Krock write his story naming the election winner. "I've always followed him completely," says Krock, "and he's never wrong. He has an instinct [that makes him] the top political reporter."

Reporter Hagerty's eminence is matched by that of his son James C. (for Campbell) Hagerty, 43, press secretary for President-elect Eisenhower. But no newsmen who knows James Sr. fears that he will get preferential treatment on political stories from his son. During the Republican Convention, when Young Jim was Ike's campaign press manager, Old Jim never once pumped him. "I saw Jimmy every day but I never use Jimmy," said Reporter Hagerty. "I got it all from Herb Brownell. After all, I've known him for years, just as I did Roosevelt's men." Young Jim puts it another way: "What the hell, I can't tell him anything. He knows everything anyway from other sources."

"What, What?" Old Jim Hagerty's political sources are such that he can pick up the phone and call almost any politician in the country and get an answer. But even at 76 he is no telephone reporter; he likes to look his sources in the eye, still makes regular rounds of Tammany wigwams, political meetings, smoke-filled rooms. When he goes to press conferences he never tries to pressure a man or grind an ideological angle. He asks questions until he is sure he



Fred Stein

REPORTER HAGERTY
On election night, a ritual.

has the facts, ending each question with a sharp, peremptory "What, What?" At his desk, close by the *Times* city desk, Hagerty writes quickly and cleanly, seldom needs to edit his copy.

Hagerty was born in Plattsburgh, N.Y., started reporting politics at the age of 24 on the Plattsburgh *Press*. He became an expert on state affairs, and the New York *Herald* hired him away in 1910 and put him on politics. He went to the *Times* four years later, covered the 1920 conventions, and has never missed a convention since. During the 1932 Democratic Convention, the rival New York *Herald Tribune* sent a scorching wire to its convention bureau: "The *Times* has beaten us again on everything. Can't you do something?" The *Trib* bureau manager did the best thing he could: he assigned a reporter to do nothing but cover Jim Hagerty.

Court of Appeals. Hagerty not only beat the opposition at conventions, but became famed for other beats. He was the first reporter to learn of Jimmy Walker's resignation as mayor of New York. His election predictions have been uncannily accurate. In 1928 he said Hoover would carry New York by 100,000 votes, and Hoover did it by 103,481. The same year, he predicted that Roosevelt would win over Alfred Ottinger for governor of New York by "nothing," and F.D.R. squeezed in. In 1946 he called the majority by which Ives beat Lehman in the N.Y. senate race; in 1948 he predicted the vote by which Dewey lost the state. This year he guessed that Ike would carry the nation.

Though Reporter Hagerty is well beyond the age when *Timesmen* can retire (65), he has no intention of retiring and the *Times* has no intention of suggesting it. Says the official monthly *Times* house organ: "He is our own private court of appeals on all questions from newspaper ethics to identification of obscure passages from Gilbert and Sullivan."

MILESTONES

Born. To Mario (*The Great Caruso*) Lanza, 31, Hollywood tenor, and Betty Lanza, 30; their third child, first son; in Los Angeles. Weight: 8 lbs. 6 oz.

Married. Christine Patiño y Borbón, 20, Bolivian tin heiress (\$150 million); and Prince Marc de Beauvau Craon, 31, descendant of the 12th century Anjous of France, now a director of a French motor-scooter factory; in a sumptuous ceremony at the Church of St. Louis des Invalides witnessed by the Latin American diplomatic corps and most of Europe's titled, uncrowned heads; in Paris.

Married. Angier ("Angy") Biddle Duke, 37, heir to tobacco millions and the youngest U.S. ambassador (to El Salvador) in history; and María Luisa de Arana, 30, granddaughter of Spain's Marqués de Campo Real; he for the third time, she for the first; in Mexico City.

Married. George Charles Montagu, 77, ninth Earl of Sandwich (whose 18th century ancestor, the fourth Earl, refused to interrupt his whist games for meals, insisted instead that a slab of meat and two slices of bread be brought to him at the gaming table, thus is credited with inventing the sandwich); and Amiya Corbin, 50, secretary of a Hollywood Hindu cult; both for the second time; in Huntingdon, England.

Married. Bertrand Russell, 80, British philosopher-author (*Unpopular Essays, New Hopes for a Changing World*), long-time champion of premarital sex and critic of modern marriage ("Most . . . would break up at middle age if it were not for economic considerations"); and Edith Finch, 52, onetime teacher at Bryn Mawr; he for the fourth time, she for the first; in London.

Died. José P. Melencio, 58, chief of the Philippine mission in Japan, who first gained fame at 26 by his eloquent plea for Philippine independence before the 1920 Democratic National Convention, in 1946 became the first consul general of the Philippine Republic in New York City; of a heart attack; in Tokyo.

Died. Commander Charles Herbert Lightoller, 78, survivor of the White Star liner *Titanic*, which hit an iceberg in 1912 and sank with 1,500 of the some 2,200 people on board; in Twickenham, England. As the ship's second mate, he told a Senate investigation committee that the luxury liner was making too much speed through a known ice field, but admitted that after the crash he had only half-filled the lifeboats because he didn't believe that the "unsinkable" *Titanic* was really going under. He stayed on board until the ship reared vertically for the final plunge, hung on to an overturned lifeboat until the *Carpathia* arrived to pick up the survivors.



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Albuquerque	KOB	Sat.	8:00-8:30	Huntington	WSAZ	Thurs.	6:45-7:15	Phoenix	KPHO	Fri.	9:30-10:00
Atlanta	WAGA	Fri.	7:00-7:30	Indianapolis	WFBN	Sun.	12:00-12:30	Pittsburgh	WDTV	Tues.	10:00-10:30
Austin	KTBC	Tues.	9:00-9:30	Jacksonville	WMBR	Fri.	7:00-7:30	Portland	KPTV	Wed.	11:00-11:30
Baltimore	WBAL	Wed.	7:00-7:30	Johnstown	WJAC	Thurs.	7:00-7:30	Reading	WHUM	Fri.	7:30-8:00
Birmingham	WAFM	Sat.	6:30-7:00	Kalamazoo—				Richmond	WTVR	Tues.	6:15-6:45
Bloomington	WTTV	Wed.	7:30-8:00	Grand Rapids	WKZO	Thurs.	8:00-8:30	Rochester	WHAM	Sun.	10:30-11:00
Boston	WNAC	Sat.	6:00-6:30	Lansing	WJIM	Fri.	9:30-10:00	Rock Island—	WHBF	Mon.	10:00-10:30
Charlotte	WBTV	Sat.	9:30-10:00	Los Angeles	KTTV	Mon.	7:30-8:00	Davenport	KSL	Fri.	9:30-10:00
Chicago	WENR	Thurs.	10:00-10:30	Louisville	WHAS	Fri.	9:30-10:00	Salt Lake City	KEYL	Thurs.	8:30-9:00
Cincinnati	WCPO	Wed.	9:30-10:00	Memphis	WMCT	Fri.	10:40-11:10	San Antonio	KFMB	Thurs.	9:00-9:30
Cleveland	WEWS	Sat.	7:30-8:00	Miami	WTWJ	Sat.	7:30-8:00	San Diego	KGO	Mon.	8:00-8:30
Columbus	WBNS	Fri.	7:00-7:30	Milwaukee	WTMJ	Sun.	5:30-6:00	San Francisco	KING	Tues.	11:00-11:30
Dallas—				Minneapolis	KSTP	Sun.	5:30-6:00	Seattle	WRGB	Tues.	7:00-7:30
Ft. Worth	WFAA	Fri.	8:30-9:00	Nashville	WSM	Fri.	8:30-9:00	St. Louis	KSD	Tues.	9:00-9:30
Dayton	WHIO	Tues.	6:30-7:00	New Orleans	WDSU	Fri.	10:00-10:30	Toledo	WSPD	Thurs.	10:30-11:00
Denver	KFEL	Tues.	9:00-9:30	New York	WJZ	Wed.	9:30-10:00	Tulsa	KOTV	Tues.	8:30-9:00
Detroit	WJBK	Fri.	7:00-7:30	Norfolk	WTAR	Sat.	7:00-7:30	Washington	WTOP	Tues.	10:30-11:00
El Paso	KTSM	Sat.	7:00-7:30	Oklahoma City	WKY	Sat.	9:30-10:00	D. C.	CBFT	Tues.	9:30-10:00
Greensboro	WFMY	Sat.	7:00-7:30	Omaha	WOW	Fri.	7:00-7:30	Montreal	BBLT	Tues.	9:30-10:00
Houston	KPRC	Thurs.	7:30-8:00	Philadelphia	WCAU	Mon.	7:00-7:30	Toronto			

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Belt Loosened

The National Production Authority, which has gradually been easing controls on civilian production, last week let out the belt a big notch:

Automakers, now restricted to making 1,250,000 cars in the first quarter of 1953, will be allowed to make 1,500,000 in the second three months.

The building industry, which has been chiefly restricted to essential housing and defense construction, will be allowed to start work on schools, hospitals and other public projects, as well as such recreational structures as dance halls, bowling alleys and roller coasters.

NPA lifted the controls because of increasing supplies of materials, particularly steel (*see below*).

The automen had no doubt they could boost production though, like other industries, they have been hampered by a shortage of manpower. In the past two months, workers have become so scarce that some plants are offering bonuses for new employees brought in. But when tank and Army truck production is cut back next summer (*see NATIONAL AFFAIRS*), more labor will be available.

The automakers' enthusiasm bubbled over to the New York Stock Exchange, where traders last week flocked to the automotive posts. In heavy buying, General Motors pushed up $\frac{3}{8}$ points to 67 $\frac{1}{2}$, Chrysler scooted $\frac{1}{2}$ points to 88 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Studebaker jumped $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 38 $\frac{1}{2}$. With the motors leading the way, the Dow-Jones industrial average moved up 3.14 points during the week to 285.20, the highest point in the postwar bull market.

Firing Up

"Nancy dear," said U.S. Steel's Chairman Ben Fairless, "come on up here with Grandpappy and light your furnace." Before a crowd of 200 Big Steel officials, families and friends, Fairless' red-haired seven-year-old granddaughter touched an oil torch to a 6-ft. fuse, which began to sputter like a Fourth of July sparkler. Inside a giant blast furnace, the fuse ignited a stack of oil-soaked railroad ties, which in turn set fire to a charge of coke and started the furnace. A few minutes later, Nancy's sister Carol, 5, touched a button which fired a rocket through a plug in an open hearth furnace already going, and 250 tons of flaming, molten steel poured into a massive ladle. Thus last week, less than two years after groundbreaking (TIME, March 12, 1951), U.S. Steel's \$450 million Fairless Works in Morrisville, Pa., went into operation.

In the tradition of the steel industry, the Fairless Works' first furnaces were given feminine names—"Nancy" and "Carol" for the granddaughters and "Hazel" for Ben Fairless' wife. Explained Fairless: "A blast furnace is always known as a lady and is named for one—not be-

cause the furnace is a thing of shapely beauty, exactly, but because it is inclined, at best, to be somewhat temperamental."

More than 4,000 contracting firms in 27 states had a hand in supplying materials and equipment for Big Steel's new plant; 10,000 construction workers labored on the 3,900-acre site. The Fairless Works, part of the steel industry's more than \$3 billion post-Korea expansion program, has 75 miles of railroad track, 20 miles of improved roads, 30 miles of sewers, and a water-treating plant which will handle 254 million gals. of water daily, enough for a city about the size of Washington, D.C. Nearby, 20,000 new housing units are sprouting alleys and roller coasters.

NPA lifted the controls because of increasing supplies of materials, particularly steel (*see below*).

The automen had no doubt they could boost production though, like other industries, they have been hampered by a shortage of manpower. In the past two months, workers have become so scarce that some plants are offering bonuses for new employees brought in. But when tank and Army truck production is cut back next summer (*see NATIONAL AFFAIRS*), more labor will be available.

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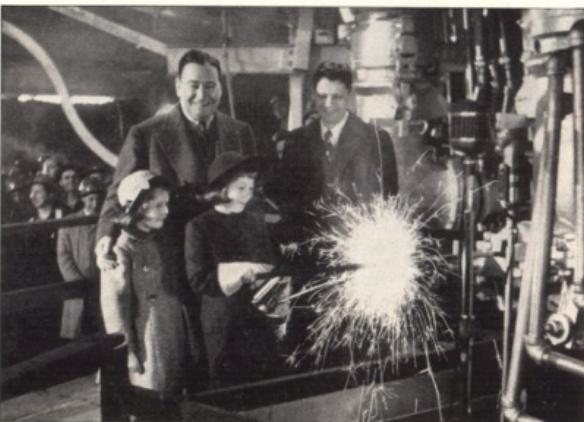
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dicted that the department might have to buy up 20 to 40 million lbs. in the next couple of months.

Chief reason for the butter glut was the big increase in sales of colored oleomargarine, now permitted in 42 states.* In prewar days, per capita consumption of oleo was only 2.9 lbs. a year compared to 16.7 lbs. of butter. Today it is 7.7 lbs. compared to 8.7 lbs. for butter. This year U.S. margarine output is expected to hit at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ billion lbs., topping butter production for the first time in the nation's history.

Another reason for the surplus of butter is increased imports of dried milk (up 90% so far this year to 29 million lbs.).



BEN FAIRLESS & GRANDDAUGHTERS†
For a temperamental lady, a sputtering torch.

Anthony Lick

from the rich Bucks County farmland (*see NATIONAL AFFAIRS*).

When the Fairless Works is in full production next summer, its annual capacity will be 1,800,000 tons of steel, nearly 2% of the U.S. total and a big step toward easing the shortage (*see above*). By that time Ben Fairless expects the new plant to be performing such tricks as rolling a sheet of steel 4 ft. wide at a speed of 80 m.p.h., fastest in history.

FOOD

The Butter Glut

In Chicago and Manhattan produce markets last week, the wholesale price of butter was down 10¢ from last year (to around 67¢ a lb.) and still melting. For the first time since April 1951, the Agriculture Department was buying up surplus butter in an effort to stabilize the market. In the last six weeks, said Agriculture, it had bought up 1,200,000 lbs. for \$818,000. Butter dealers freely pre-

This product is, more & more, replacing fresh milk in ice cream and other foods, with the result that more milk is now being diverted into butter. Butter supplies have also swelled for the simple reason that cows have been bred and fed to produce much more milk than they ever did before.

How can the butter problem be solved? Answered an executive of one of the Midwest's biggest creameries last week: "Butter never will make it unless they yank out the supports and let butter go to a competitive 50¢—or wherever supply & demand pegs it . . . Who can pay 70¢ a lb. for butter when you can get margarine for 30¢?" Such a proposal would hardly sit well with the dairy farmers. But many a butter dealer last

* The six holdouts: Iowa, Minnesota, Montana, South Dakota, Vermont, Wisconsin.

† Carol (left) and Nancy. At right: Plant Superintendent Albert J. Berdis.

The Men Who Move The Goods



U. E. McFarland
General Traffic Manager
Owens-Illinois Glass Company
Toledo, Ohio

The operation of a modern industrial enterprise can be fantastically complex. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, for example, must coordinate the activities of thirty-one plants located across the nation. These plants require supplies as diverse as pulleys and potash... while they ship out glass containers, closures, table glassware, electrical insulators, glass blocks, television bulbs, insulation and many other specialties.

Overseeing the intricate flow and crossflow of Owens-Illinois materials is "Pucky" McFarland — who for 33 years has called upon Wabash Railroad for assistance.

* * *

"In aiding us to find the most reasonable and proper freight rates," says Mr. McFarland, "as well as in providing us with thoroughly dependable transportation, the Wabash has been highly helpful to us. I like the way Wabash people know their business."

* * *

Thorough, experienced knowledge of current freight tariffs is a feature of Wabash service which has proven invaluable to busy shippers. Whenever you need facts, call your Wabash representative!

P. A. SPIEGELBERG,
Freight Traffic Manager, St. Louis 1, Mo.



62

week thought that something could be learned from the experience of potato farmers. Since supports were dropped from potatoes nearly 18 months ago, the market has stabilized and farmers are getting a good profit on their crop.

Snappy Turtles

Pillsbury Mills' President Paul S. Gerot thinks that nothing promotes flour sales like a baking contest. Last week, for the finals of its annual contest, Pillsbury brought 100 winners, including one man and four boys, to Manhattan to compete for \$120,000 in prizes in its Grand National Bake-Off. They were given flour-sack aprons, assigned to stoves in the Waldorf-Astoria's grand ballroom and allowed a day to make their favorite recipes. Mrs. Richard M. Nixon, wife of the Vice President-elect, announced the winner: Mrs. Peter S. Harlib, 46, wife of a Chicago policeman. Her prizewinning recipe: Snappy Turtle Cookies.* Her prize: \$25,000.

MODERN LIVING Columbia's Hi-Fi

In its Manhattan studios, Columbia Records last week showed off a small (16 in. by 12½ in. by 10 in.) box which it hopes will revolutionize the phonograph industry just as its long playing records changed the record business. Inside the box was Columbia's new high fidelity phonograph (the 360) designed by Dr. Peter Goldmark, who developed Columbia's LPs. Until last week, most "hi-fi" sets, which reproduce music in the home with the clarity and realism of the concert hall, were custom-made from standard parts by small radio & phonograph shops at a cost of from \$150 to \$2,000.

Columbia claims that the tone of its phonograph, which will sell for \$139.50 and \$144.50 (depending on the cabinet), is a match for all but the most expensive custom-made hi-fi sets. It reproduces tones from a low of 50 cycles per second to a high of 12,000 (the ordinary hi-fi range), compared to smaller tonal range of 80-6,000 c.p.s. in most phonographs. Columbia gets its reproduction chiefly by an extra thick, solid wooden cabinet (which eliminates "tinny" vibration) and two 6-in-speakers located at each side of the phonograph, instead of one in front. It hopes to sell 25,000 machines in the first year.

Columbia is not the only company to

* Cookies: 1½ cups sifted flour, ¼ teaspoon each of soda, salt, vanilla; ½ cup each of butter or shortening, and brown sugar; 1 egg; 1 egg yolk; 1 egg white; ½ teaspoon maple flavoring; 1 cup pecan halves. Sift together flour, soda and salt. Cream butter. Add sugar gradually, then egg and egg yolk; beat well. Add flavorings. Add dry ingredients gradually; mix thoroughly. Arrange pecan halves in groups of three on greased baking sheets to resemble head and hind legs of turtle. Mold teaspoonsful of dough into balls. Dip bottoms in egg white and press on to the pecans. Bake at 350° F. for 10-12 minutes. Cool and frost tops. Chocolate frosting: Put 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, ½ cup milk and 1 tablespoon butter in double boiler. Heat over boiling water until chocolate melts; blend until smooth. Remove from stove; add 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar. Beat until smooth.



International

MRS. NIXON & WINNER HARLIB
In the cookie pan, \$25,000.

decide that the hi-fi cult, started by music lovers who wanted better phonographs than the mass-produced models, is now a big enough market for mass production. Stromberg-Carlson brought out a hi-fi set recently. Hallcrafters hopes to bring out a machine early next year, and General Electric is also busy developing one of its own. It looks as if non-hi-fi phonographs may soon be as outmoded as 78 r.p.m. records.

SHOW BUSINESS Retake at RKO

A familiar pilot was back at the controls of RKO Pictures last week. Howard Hughes, who sold control of the studio only two months ago for \$7,093,940 to a group headed by Chicago Promoter Ralph Stolkin, moved back into control without putting up any cash. Noah Dietrich, Hughes' right-hand man and executive vice president of Hughes Tool Co., is expected to become RKO president. With Dietrich and two other satellites on the five-man board, Hughes has complete con-



PETER GOLDMARK & PHONOGRAPH
In the box, a revolution?

tral, although the Stolkin group still holds the majority (29%) stock interest.

After a flood of unfavorable publicity had forced four Stolkin men to step down from the board, Stolkin turned to Hughes because he still has a sizable financial interest in RKO (the group still owes Hughes some \$6,000,000, to be paid off in 2½ years), and seemed to be the only one willing to try to put the studio's humpty-dumpty operation together. Hughes, reluctant to step back into RKO, promised to keep his eccentric hand off picture production.

Even at that, he and his associates will have to perform something like a miracle to get RKO on its feet. The studio has been losing \$100,000 a week, has made one picture in the last five months, has been sued by a group of stockholders and has no movie production boss. Hughes's first move was to announce plans for five movies; his next task will be to try to persuade a big-name producer to take the job. Meanwhile, RKO's 15,000 stockholders could only hope that one of the most harrowing scripts since *The Great Train Robbery* would somehow have a happy ending.

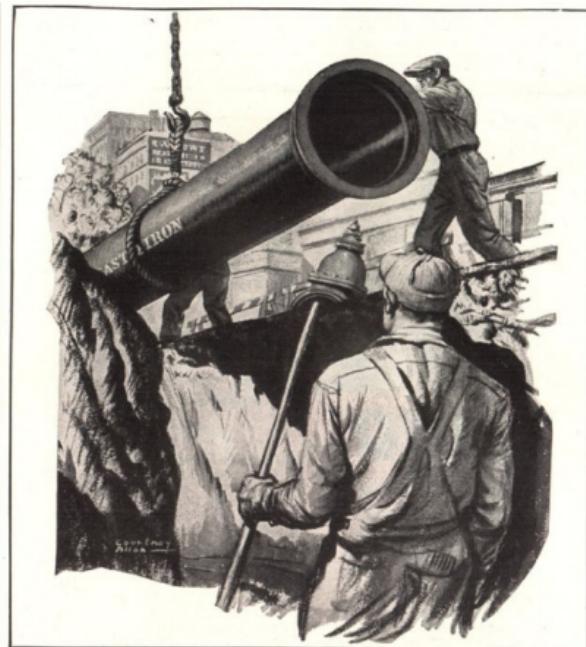
GOVERNMENT

Upsetting the Applecart

At 79, Ira C. Cardiff is boss of the biggest dried apple plant in Washington's Yakima Valley. A one-time biology professor, he is also a philosopher who corresponded for years with Santayana, and the author of half a dozen books ranging from *A Million Years of Human Progress* to *What Great Men Think of Religion* (he is an atheist). But among businessmen of Yakima, Cardiff is best known for his relentless war with inspectors of the federal Food & Drug Administration. In a series of battles, boasts Cardiff, "I've licked 'em every time."

Last week, in winning his greatest battle, Apple Seller Cardiff upset the Food & Drug Administration's entire applecart. In a case that Cardiff has been fighting for nearly three years, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that federal inspectors have no right to inspect a food plant without the owner's permission. In effect, the decision, based on "vague" language in the law, wiped away most of the evidence-gathering power of the Food & Drug Administration.

Ira Cardiff got into the apple business as a Ph.D. from Columbia who went to Washington to run the state's agricultural testing station. He soon saw that the future of the apple industry lay in dried fruit, and took over the Yakima Valley's biggest packing plant. His first brush with the Government was over a rigid Agriculture Department ruling on how much arsenic spray could be left on apples and pears put on sale. Cardiff, arguing for more arsenic, led a five-year fight to get the Agriculture Department to relax the regulation, and finally won. Later, in four separate cases, Food & Drug Administration inspectors seized a shipment of Cardiff apples on the ground that they



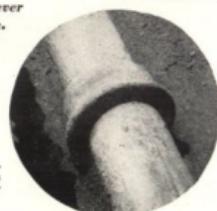
The pipe that's known as the Taxpayers' Friend

To a tax-burdened public the statement that cast iron pipe is the "taxpayers' friend" is more than a mere figure of speech. To most waterworks engineers it is a cold fact. They know that cast iron pipe in water distribution systems has saved, and continues to save, millions of dollars in local taxes.

More than 35 American cities have cast iron mains in service that were installed over 100 years ago. A survey sponsored by three waterworks associations shows that 96% of all six-inch and larger cast iron pipe ever laid in 25 representative cities, is still in service.

Fortunately for taxpayers, over 95% of the pipe in America's water distribution systems is long-lived cast iron pipe—the taxpayers' friend. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.

This cast iron water main installed in Richmond, Virginia 120 years ago, is still in service. Over 35 other cities have century-old cast iron mains in service.



CAST IRON

CAST IRON PIPE
America's No.1 Tax Saver

© 1952, Cast Iron Pipe Research Association

Feel Dull— Out of Sorts?



...Try **ENO**

GENTLE LAXATIVE MILD ANTACID

family favorite for over 80 years

Millions of smart people the world over praise Eno for its wonderful benefits! For good tasting Eno is both a gentle, trustworthy aid to regularity—and an excellent antacid whenever you overdo! Eno has a unique buffering alkaline action that gives relief over a long period of time! Whenever you need an aid for temporary irregularity—or help for upset, over-acid stomach—try Eno!

Mild Antacid—Long-lasting buffering alkaline antacid action! **Gentle Laxative**—To relieve temporary sluggishness gently, take before breakfast when needed.



IN LONDON AND CAIRO ...

HONGKONG AND RIO ...

LOS ANGELES, JOHANNESBURG, AND ALL THE OTHER NEWS CENTERS OF THE WORLD* ...

TIME's correspondents and reporters are busy gathering the stories behind tomorrow's news—TODAY.

*TIME maintains its own permanent news bureaus in 28 of the most important cities.

were contaminated. In each case, Cardiff fought through the courts, and won. One reason for his success was that Ira Cardiff knows as much about the Food & Drug Act as any man alive: he helped prepare it.

Cardiff's victory last week stemmed from the day in 1950 when two inspectors arrived in his office and demanded to see the plant. Cardiff refused. In federal court, he was fined \$500, but won a reversal on appeal. At that, the Food & Drug Administration took the case to the Supreme Court.

Last week, with their powers clipped, food & drug inspectors were still making the rounds in the food industry, inspecting plants where owners gave them permission (most food men let them in). The Food & Drug Administration, meanwhile, was getting ready to ask the new Congress for mandatory inspection powers—written this time in language that everyone, including the Supreme Court, would understand.

ADVERTISING

Who's a Nylon?

To Americans, who have never underestimated the power of advertising, there was new evidence of its effects last week. In Haiti, Dynaflow is used as a synonym for a wealthy man or an expensive product, e.g., "Isn't his new house Dynaflow?" (The name was first used as a term for politicians because they all drove Buicks with Dynaflow transmissions.) In Israel, salmon is known only as "fresh" because the label on a can of U.S. salmon always has the word in big letters. And in Greece, a pretty girl is a "nylon."

CORPORATIONS

Protection, Inc.

While a military guard stood at attention, the original copies of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, temporarily kept in the Library of Congress, were put this week in their permanent home in the National Archives Exhibition Hall. Their home is a big glass showcase which, at the touch of a button, sinks slowly through the floor into a huge vault in the cellar. The 50-ton safe, a bombproof, thiefproof, fireproof stronghold with 15-in.-thick walls and 5-ton armored doors will keep the historic documents as safe as the gold in Fort Knox. By day, the documents will be on exhibition; at night, they will repose in the \$30,000 vault built by the Mosler Safe Co., "the biggest—and trickiest—safe in the world."

Hidden Assets. By taking on such jobs, the 104-year-old Mosler Safe Co. has become the world's largest safemaker. It built the huge vaults at Fort Knox, designed the complex system of precision locks which close the cell blocks of Alcatraz Prison. So many Tokyo banks installed Mosler's vaults that when the U.S. Army was searching for hidden hoards of Japanese gold and securities, Mosler could give them all the detailed floor plans



Jack Whitfield

IRA CARDIFF

"I've licked 'em every time."

they needed as well as shrewd hints where to look.

Today, three out of four U.S. bank vaults, and half of all private safes, are Moslers. They hold, says President Edwin Mosler, two-thirds of the world's negotiable wealth, along with such oddments as the gold spike which joined the first transcontinental railroad, a set of George Washington's false teeth and all the United Nations treaties. Mosler makes everything from a \$25 insulated cashbox for householders to a \$1,000,000, two-story vault.

Safekeeping. Mosler's great-grandfather, a German immigrant, started out by making wheelbarrows. Later he switched to strongboxes, and before long his safes, with bulls' heads and baskets of fish painted on the doors, were standard equipment in most butchers' and fish dealers' shops.

The company sells its product by plugging the dangers of fire and theft. Says Mosler: "There are four times as many crooks as policemen in the U.S., and they commit more than 1,000 burglaries a day. Four out of every ten firms that lose their records in a fire go out of business." Safe-crackers keep Mosler's designers on their toes. The cracksmen keep up with the latest technology and quickly find any weak spot in a new design.

Recently, when Mosler offered a booklet, *What You Should Know About Safes*, one request came from a burglar serving a life term in the Texas State Prison. "When puzzle locks [i.e., combination locks] were first used a century ago," said Mosler, "crooks devised the 'drag,' a powerful screw to crush the walls around the lock. When the walls were strengthened, they took to the jackscrew to force wedges between the door and the jamb. When safe doors were built with bolts that slid into the jamb on all four sides, safe-crackers began blowing gunpowder around

the door with an air pump. Now they use nitroglycerin, acetylene torches and power drills."

Mosler's biggest problem is that he can't design a foolproof owner. Many a safe-owner picks a combination based on his address or birth date because it is easy to remember. But smart crooks, says Mosler, look up such information as a matter of simple routine in casing a job. Though harder to remember, the safest combination is a meaningless one.

Wide Open. Government requirements that business records be kept for from one to ten years have given Mosler's sales a big boost. (In ten years, they have more than tripled.) Another big sales stimulator has been the atom bomb. For such customers as the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Mosler has built a bombproof stronghold for records 30 feet below Metropolitan's Manhattan headquarters, which even a direct hit will not destroy. (A Mosler vault in Hiroshima's Teikoku Bank, only 300 yards from the center of the atom bomb's blast, was unbreached, and the bank was rebuilt around it.)

The Right Combination. Mosler's most promising new idea is its "Snorkel Auto-Teller" for curbstone banking. A customer can drive up to the Snorkel, a gadget the size of a gas pump, do business with a clerk several feet below the sidewalk through a system of microphones, mirrors, and an elevator, without leaving his car.

As a devout apostle of protection, Edwin Mosler has a safe in every room, and another in almost every closet of his summer home at Deal, N.J., and his Manhattan apartment. "Better safe than sorry," he tells visitors with a grin. However, he candidly admits "no safe is completely safe. Anything one man makes, another can break."

TAXES

Du Pont Collects

Among the inequities of the World War II excess profits tax was the definition of "normal earnings" as the average profits for the years 1936-39. Anything over the average was taxable at a maximum rate of 90%. Many corporations complained that the base was unfair since they had been pouring money into expansion or new products during the '36-'39 period, thus their earnings were smaller than normal. For them, Congress left a loophole in the act: section 722. It provided for a rebate for corporations who could prove their 1936-'39 average abnormally low.

Last week Du Pont reached through the loophole and pulled out a rebate of \$29 million, the biggest E.P.T. repayment so far. Du Pont argued that during the base period it had poured millions into expansion for nylon and other new products which it did not start selling until 1939. Thus, a substantial part of its war profits was not "excess profits," and was "plainly not attributable to the war economy."

Still awaiting settlement under section 722 are some 53,000 claims totaling \$3 billion.

For a FRESH
Manhattan
every time



get
HEUBLEIN'S
Ready-to-Serve
COCKTAILS



Just Stir
with Ice
and Serve



Heublein's Ready-to-Serve Manhattans are prepared from the finest, specially selected ingredients. And you serve a *fresh* Manhattan every time. No mess, no bother—you simply stir with ice and serve. Quality considered, Heublein's Ready-to-Serve Cocktails are surprisingly inexpensive.

*Expertly prepared by
"Hugh Blane"—your barman in the bottle*

8 Favorite Varieties! MANHATTAN, 65 proof • STINGER, 60 proof • OLD FASHIONED, 70 proof
EXTRA DRY MARTINI, 65 proof • GIBSON (very, very dry Martini), 75 proof • SIDE CAR, 60 proof
DAIQUIRI, 60 proof • WHISKEY SOUR, 60 proof • G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

CINEMA

Catholics & the Movies

This week, at Sunday Masses in U.S. Roman Catholic churches, priests read the annual pledge of the Legion of Decency, a national Catholic body which reviews all U.S. movies. Most members of their congregations, reciting the pledge with the priests, acknowledged a commitment: to avoid and, if possible, to attack openly all movies which the legion's censors have noted as "objectionable."

Admittedly, the legion and Catholic moviegoers have hiked up the moral tone of Hollywood productions. But this week Drama Critic Walter Kerr, writing in the Catholic lay weekly, the *Commonweal*, asked his fellow Catholics an embarrassing question: Are they censoring the art out of movies, as well as the immorality?

Purity with Popcorn. Writes Critic Kerr: "The Church in this country has . . . seemed to say, 'I don't care what the quality of the art work is, so long as its content is innocuous, or perhaps favorably disposed in our direction . . . A film featuring a saint is a film of majestic technical excellence. A film showing a nun driving a jeep is a superbly made comedy. A film embracing a jolly priest, a self-sacrificing Catholic mother and an anti-Communist message must be defended in the diocesan press from those irresponsible esthetes . . . who have had the meanness and the malice to question it."

"Catholic taste in motion pictures has been frozen at the 'unobjectionable,' or purity-with-popcorn level, a level which, if pursued down the ages, would have called into question nearly every literary or dramatic masterpiece ever produced."

Kerr argues that the pat identification of good art with characters who behave in a manner morally irreproachable has discredited the Catholic intellectual position in the arts, and almost nullified Catholic intellectual influence therein. As for "the influence which Catholicism has had" on the screen: "We forget that this influence has been wholly of one kind: the influence of the pressure group . . ."

Vulgarity for God's Sake? Although the Catholic Church has never quailed from the reality of sin in this world, its movie censors almost ban the depiction of sin from the screen: "The notion, for instance, that sin is always, and very precisely, punished in this life would not appear to be Catholic dogma; yet it is at Catholic insistence that the screen echoes and re-echoes the concept."

The "morally simple-minded" standards of the legion, Kerr continues, would automatically ban the filming of much of Nobel Prizewinner François Mauriac's work, or that of English Novelist Graham Greene, both Catholics. Concludes Kerr, after recalling a maxim quoted by French Catholic Paul Claudel ("God writes straight with crooked lines"): "Art without crooked lines is unnatural art—inevitably inferior art. And in its production not only the creative mind is betrayed;



Clifford E. Grey

CRITIC KERR "God writes straight with crooked lines."

"the Catholic mind, in its fullness, in its scope, in its centrality, is betrayed as well . . . We are moving closer and closer to the sort of stand which might well be described as 'vulgarity for God's sake.'"

The New Pictures

Road to Bali [Paramount] is the sixth in the highly successful Bing Crosby-Bob Hope-Dorothy Lamour *Road* series* and the first in Technicolor. It depicts the

* The other *Roads*: *Singapore* (1940), *Zanzibar* (1941), *Morocco* (1942), *Utopia* (1943), *Rio* (1947).



HOPE, LAMOUR & CROSBY
Also an amorous gorilla.

sors, this entry hews to the established *Road* musical comedy formula: plenty of gags & girls strung on a practically nonexistent plot line. This time, Bing and Bob are a couple of broken-down vaudevillians who hire themselves out as deep-sea divers in a quest for sunken treasure off the island of Batu. Along the way, they encounter a dastardly South Sea prince (Murvyn Vye), a Balinese princess of Scottish ancestry (Dorothy Lamour), an amorous gorilla and a giant squid. In addition, there are brief, improbable appearances by Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, Bob Crosby, Humphrey Bogart (pulling *The African Queen* through the swamps) and Jane Russell (whom Hope conjures from a basket with a magic horn).

Bing and Bob, dressed in kilts, sing one number called *Hoot Mon*. Dorothy Lamour models a succession of silk and cloth-of-gold sarongs designed by Hollywood's Edith Head. There is also a shipwreck, a head-hunters' ceremonial, and an erupting volcano. *Road to Bali* does not always run a smooth comedy course, but it has some diverting detours.

Blackbeard, the Pirate [Edmund Grainger; RKO Radio], an expensively Technicolored penny dreadful, casts Robert Newton as the infamous 18th century privateer Edward Teach, popularly known as Blackbeard. In this fanciful biography, Blackbeard is as blackhearted a buccaneer as ever sailed the Spanish Main. As one of his own crew puts it, he "would make the flesh crawl on a squid." His shaggy beard daintly decorated with red ribbons, Blackbeard goes about flogging, stabbing and stringing up his enemies with the greatest of gusto, laughing fiendishly all the while. He cuts his rivals' throats, runs them through the gizzards and lashes them to the mast. But Blackbeard's dark deeds finally catch up with him when his own men, led by First Mate William Bendix, bury him up to his neck in the sand and leave him to await the incoming tide (in real life, Blackbeard was shot by a British lieutenant on the high seas in 1718).

Robert Newton, chewing at all the scenery, seems to be having a wonderful time in the title role. Good decorative note: Linda Darnell as a fiery wench who flounces around Blackbeard's vessel in a series of stunning plunging necklines.

Stop, You're Killing Me [Warner] sets some more of Damon Runyon's guys & dolls to music.* This tuned-up version of the old (1935) Runyon-Howard Lindsay comedy *A Slight Case of Murder*, filmed for the first time in 1938 with Edward G. Robinson, still has as its setting the Saratoga mansion of Beer Baron Marko (Broderick Crawford) in the post-Prohibition era. Here is assembled an assortment of corpses & coppers, mugs & molls, touts & thugs, not to mention a couple of bankers attempting to foreclose on

* Other Runyonesque cinemusicals: 20th Century-Fox's current *Bloodhounds of Broadway* (Time, Dec. 1). Columbia's forthcoming *The Broadway Story*.

Marko's needled beer brewery, an obnoxious six-year-old orphan with a squirt gun (Louis Lettieri), and a dowager with a lorgnette (Margaret Dumont).

Broderick Crawford as the beefy, blustering beer tycoon is authentic Runyon. So are Claire Trevor as his brassy, blonde wife and Charles Cantor, Sheldon Leonard and Joe Vitale as a trio of plug-uglies. When it deals with such raffish low-life as Little Dutch, Black Hat Gallagher, No Nose Cohen and Sad Sam, the picture is good fun. But when it plunges into flossy songs & dances in Technicolor, *Stop, You're Killing Me* becomes merely a slight case of murder of Runyon's original.

Against All Flags (Universal-International) finds fearless Errol Flynn as a British naval officer pitted against some 18th century pirates. Disguised as a deserter, Flynn infiltrates the Madagascar stronghold of the pirates, where he comes to grips with evil Captain Anthony Quinn and fiery Corsair Queen Maureen O'Hara. No sooner does Maureen lay eyes on Flynn than she says: "You're a regular rooster." Replies Flynn: "You seem to be a high-spirited chick yourself." Gradually, their conversation takes on a tenderer tone. Upon discovering that Maureen's real name is Prudence and not Spitfire, Flynn remarks: "It's a lovely name, as lovely as the dew on primroses in the morning."

In the end, of course, Flynn impales Quinn on his sword, saves the pretty daughter of the Emperor of India from the buccaneers, scuttles the pirates and sails off with Maureen aboard a British man-of-war. By then, *Against All Flags* has long since scuttled itself as an adventure yarn.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Forbidden Games. A small French masterpiece that looks at a grownup's war-world through the realistic eyes of a child (TIME, Dec. 8).

Hans Christian Andersen. Producer Sam Goldwyn's lavish musical fairy tale about Denmark's great spinner of fairy tales; with Danny Kaye, French Ballerina Jeanmaire (TIME, Dec. 1).

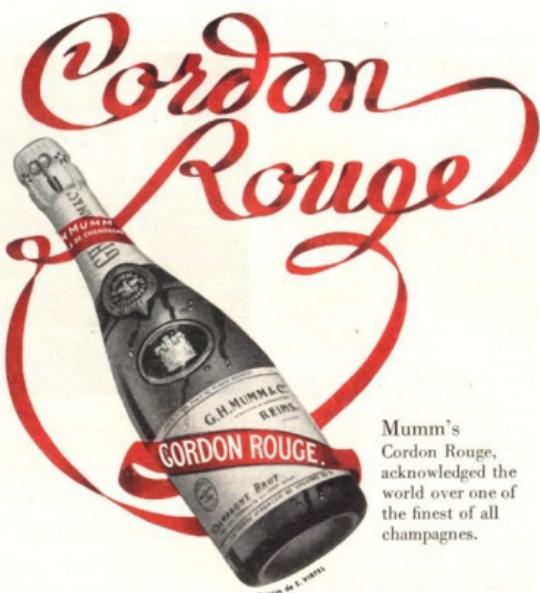
Breaking Through the Sound Barrier. A soaring British film picturing the stresses & strains, mechanical as well as human, of supersonic flight; with Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd (TIME, Nov. 10).

The Promoter. A sprightly, British-made spoof, with Alec Guinness playing a droll fellow who gets ahead in the world through sheer brass (TIME, Oct. 27).

The Crimson Pirate. Buccaneer Burt Lancaster and his cutthroat crew roam the Mediterranean in a merry travesty on pirate movies (TIME, Sept. 15).

Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott's novel made into a rousing medieval horse opera; with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine (TIME, Aug. 4).

The Strange Ones. Striking adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*; the story of an adolescent brother & sister living in a world of their own (TIME, July 21).



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BOOKS

The Great Florentine

MICHELANGELO (542 pp.)—Giovanni Papini—Dutton (\$10).

Who lies here?
One.
Which one?
Buonarroti. *THE One.*

As his epitaph would indicate, Michelangelo Buonarroti was accepted by his contemporaries as almost superhuman. Most biographers, surveying the awesome remains of Michelangelo's genius, have decided that his contemporaries were right. Yet by doing more than human honor to the man, history has generally done less than human justice to his real achievement.

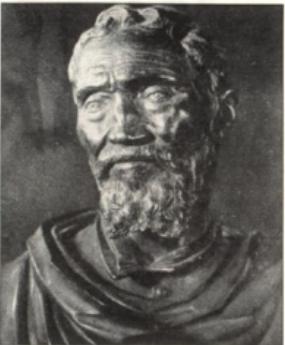
Giovanni (*The Life of Christ*) Papini tries to right this excess in his *Michelangelo*, but sometimes falls into the opposite error—he writes a little patronizingly of the man, almost as if he had paid rent on him. Yet the book gives a vital new contact with one of the fiercest poles of energy in human history.

The Terrible Temper. Michelangelo was born in 1475, the second son of a Florentine petty official. His mother died when he was six. The sickly boy was a trial to his practical father, the more so because he would not pay attention in school but was always doodling. It was such gifted doodling, however, that at 13 the scrawny Michelangelo was put to learn the painter's trade in the workshop of Ghirlandaio. Within a year the master himself was making jealous noises at his prodigious protégé. Lorenzo de Medici, the Florentine dictator, was so impressed with the boy's genius that he adopted him and educated him as one of his own sons.

By 28, with the completion of his famous *David*, Michelangelo was clearly the first sculptor of Italy; by 33 he was acclaimed the equal of Phidias. But he had also begun to learn the inconstancy of patrons. Pope Julius II commissioned the artist to make him the finest tomb in history, then abruptly lost all interest in the project. Furious. Michelangelo took French leave of Rome, and it was seven months before he was reconciled. The Pope then put Michelangelo to work on a heroic bronze statue of himself and later to painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. This time he gave the painter no peace, coming day after day with questions and suggestions. Once the tempestuous Florentine threatened to throw the Pope down off the scaffold; once the Pope actually beat the painter with his cane.

For four years the work on the ceiling continued, in conditions best described by Michelangelo himself in an irritated sonnet:

My beard turns up to heaven; my nape falls in,
Fixed on my spine, my breastbone visibly
Grows like a harp; a rich embroidery



"The Titan." Robert Snyder Producer.
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MICHELANGELO

A private race of demigods.

Bedews my face from brush-drops thick and thin.

My loins into my paunch like levers grind:

My buttock like a crupper bears my weight;

My feet unguided wander to and fro . . .

When the ceiling, often considered man's supreme achievement with the brush, was done, Michelangelo had a permanent crick in his neck and small thanks (3,000 ducats) from his grumpy boss.

The Universal Mind. Rarely during his long life was Michelangelo allowed by his patrons to work on the sculptures of his own intention, yet even of downright distasteful commissions he sometimes managed to make sculptures as fine



United Press

T. S. ELIOT
As penetrating as a well.

as any since the Greeks. His style, as many critics think and Author Papini agrees, sprang from the tension between Greek and Christian elements in his spirit, between the demand to express the wholly human and the utterly divine in one form. In the result, he peopled Italy with a private race of demigods, a little too human to worship, a little too divine to love, but beautiful and absolute as ideas cored out of the universal mind.

Michelangelo, to his grief, seems to have tried to live his private life on the same superhuman scale, with the result that he was in some ways simply inhuman, and in most ways miserably unhappy. Infatuated with the superhuman, he all too often despised individual human beings; Author Papini provides dozens of instances of the man's colossal rudeness. Once, when Michelangelo was 17, he sneered so effectively at some drawings by his fellow students that one of them, a strong-armed fellow named Torrigiano, smashed his nose for him. Disfigured, Michelangelo withdrew more & more from life into art.

Women, he did without almost entirely. Ascanio Condivi, his friend and biographer, says that he was "continent." Of marrying, Michelangelo said, "I have too much of a wife in my art." Aside from his art, Michelangelo's affections were centered on a few friends, some of them nobly prepossessing young men. Homosexuals have therefore claimed him as their own, but Biographer Papini utterly rejects the notion.

The last years of the great man's life were spent in the clutter of the rising St. Peter's, where he supervised the builders. Snappish and repulsive as an old brown toad, the ancient Michelangelo hopped about the Holy City with "no thought that is not shaped by death." One day, in the presence of a visitor, he dropped a lamp. "I am so old," he muttered, "that death often pulls me by the cape and bids me go with him; some day I too shall fall, like this lamp, and the light of life will be extinguished."

In his 89th year, the light went out. It took three funerals to exhaust the grief of Italy at his passing: one in Rome, two in Florence, where he was entombed in the church of Santa Croce.

Eliot Complete

THE COMPLETE POEMS AND PLAYS (392 pp.)—T. S. Eliot—Harcourt, Brace (\$6).

At a literary cocktail party in Claridge's Hotel, in London, the daughter of a U.S. publisher whispered: "Daddy, is it all right for me to leave now? I've already shaken hands with Mr. Eliot." She was not being snippy. She was simply recognizing the importance of Thomas Stearns Eliot.

That importance is by now indisputable, but there were many disputes along the way. And it is the quality, not the quantity, of his poems that has won T. S. Eliot his reputation: at 64, his published poems number hardly threescore. These riches-in-little-room contain the comment

AN ELIOT SAMPLER

SWEENEY AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES

Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down to laugh,
The zebra stripes along his jaw
Swelling to maculate giraffe.

The circles of the stormy moon
Slide westward toward the River Plate,
Death and the Raven drift above
And Sweeney guards the horned gate.

Gloomy Orion and the Dog
Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;
The person in the Spanish cape
Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees

Slips and pulls the table cloth
Overturns a coffee-cup,
Reorganized upon the floor
She yawns and draws a stocking up;

The silent man in mocha brown
Sprawls at the window-sill and gapes;
The waiter brings in oranges
Bananas figs and hothouse grapes;

The silent vertebrate in brown
Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;
Rachel *née* Rabinovitch
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;

She and the lady in the cape
Are suspect, thought to be in league;
Therefore the man with heavy eyes
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,

Leaves the room and reappears
Outside the window, leaning in,
Branches of wistaria
Circumscribe a golden grin;

The host with someone indistinct
Converses at the door apart,
The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

And sang within the bloody wood
When Agamemnon cried aloud,
And let their liquid siftings fall
To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

From THE HOLLOW MEN

*This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.*

From THE ROCK

In the land of lobelias and tennis flannels
The rabbit shall burrow and the thorn revisit,
The nettle shall flourish on the gravel court,
And the wind shall say: "Here were decent godless people:
Their only monument the asphalt road
And a thousand lost golf balls."

From FOUR QUARTETS

Instruct yourself, or inform curiosity
Or carry report. You are here to kneel
Where prayer has been valid. And prayer is more
Than an order of words, the conscious occupation
Of the praying mind, or the sound of the voice praying.
And what the dead had no speech for, when living,
They can tell you, being dead: the communication
Of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living.

Ash on an old man's sleeve
Is all the ash the burnt roses leave.
Dust in the air suspended
Marks the place where a story ended.
Dust inbreathed was a house—
The wall, the wainscot and the mouse.
The death of hope and despair,
This is the death of air.

There are flood and drouth
Over the eyes and in the mouth,
Dead water and dead sand
Contending for the upper hand.
The parched eviscerate soil
Gapes at the vanity of toil,
Laughs without mirth.
This is the death of earth.

Water and fire succeed
The town, the pasture and the weed.
Water and fire deride
The sacrifice that we denied.
Water and fire shall rot
The marred foundations we forgot,
Of sanctuary and choir.
This is the death of water and fire.

The dove descending breaks the air
With flame of incandescent terror
Of which the tongues declare
The one discharge from sin and error.
The only hope, or else despair
Lies in the choice of pyre or pyre—
To be redeemed from fire by fire.

Who then devised the torment? Love.
Love is the unfamiliar Name
Behind the hands that wove
The intolerable shirt of flame
Which human power cannot remove.
We only live, only suspire
Consumed by either fire or fire.

And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flame are in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

From *The Complete Poems and Plays* T. S. Eliot. © Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

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of one highly civilized brain and a poetic talent as deep, constricted and penetrating as an oil well, on the human condition in today's world. These 61 poems and three verse plays are now for the first time published in one volume in *The Complete Poems and Plays*.

Every poet runs the risk of being misunderstood; and there are many readers who do not care to make the effort to understand Eliot. But he is never willfully obscure, though his poems are compact of literary allusions, many of which will escape the thinly read. But no reasonably well-educated and sensitive reader can escape the poems' impact and meaning. In *The Complete Poems* the course he has run becomes clear. It began with satire that expressed something close to contempt for his fellow men. But Eliot survived and surpassed satire. His maturer poems are religious, culminating in the magnificent *Four Quartets*, the only major poems the 20th century has produced.

Story of a Damnation

THE DRINKER (282 pp.)—Hans Fallada—Didier (\$3.50).

Hans Fallada was one of those writers whose books bounce back from the Bank of Posternity stamped "Insufficient Funds." He made the international bestseller lists in the early '30s with *Little Man, What Now!*, a famously sentimental tale of a harassed bookkeeper whose whimspers found echoes all over a Depression-bounded world. But his talent was timely rather than timeless; moreover, in his native Germany, Fallada and his symbolic "Little Man" pinned their hopes on Hitler, and it turned out to be a luckless choice for both. Fallada's books were pronounced "undesirable" by the Nazis, and in 1944 he ran afoul of the law and was jailed. Though specific charges were never pressed against him, he shared a cell for six months with two insane criminals.

While in prison he wrote *The Drinker*, camouflaging the book by strewing its sentences through a bulky nonsense novel. Unscrambled after Fallada's death in 1947, this novel adds little to his reputation, but its suspiciously autobiographical scent and its candid odor of damnation suggest the careful note-taking of a house guest in Hell.

In the best temperance-tract tradition, a mere glass and a half of red wine starts Erwin Sommer, a fortyish wholesale produce dealer, on the road to an alcoholic inferno. Uneasy over business losses and unhappy with his martinet wife, he soon regards the bottle as man's best friend. He cheats to get contracts, he lies to his wife, and he pays court to a blowzy waitress whom he blearily crowns "The Queen of Alcohol."

One shaky step ahead of the D.T.s, Sommer leaves home in search of lifelong bliss with his queen. But his money is soon stolen and he gets into deep trouble. Hauled up on a charge of attempted murder, he is examined and ordered to a lunatic asylum. Author Fallada spells out Sommer's life there in such emetic detail



© Presse Illustrationen Hoffmann
NOVELIST FALLADA
A rubber check.

that it makes *The Snake Pit* sound like a country club.

This trip through the nightmare world of an alcoholic might have had power as well as Kafkaesque pathos if Author Fallada had had the skill to reveal just what makes his hero so spineless. As it is, the neurotic bundle of self-pity and self-hatred called Erwin Sommer is nearly as loathsome as his fate.

RECENT & READABLE

The Last Resorts, by Cleveland Amory. An agreeably, lightheaded historian applies a social stethoscope to Newport, Bar Harbor, Saratoga, Palm Beach and other aging resorts of the rich (TIME, Nov. 17).

The Devil Rides Outside, by John H. Griffin. The turmoil of a young American torn between world and monastery; a first novel marked by crude energy and unashamed religious fervor (TIME, Nov. 3).

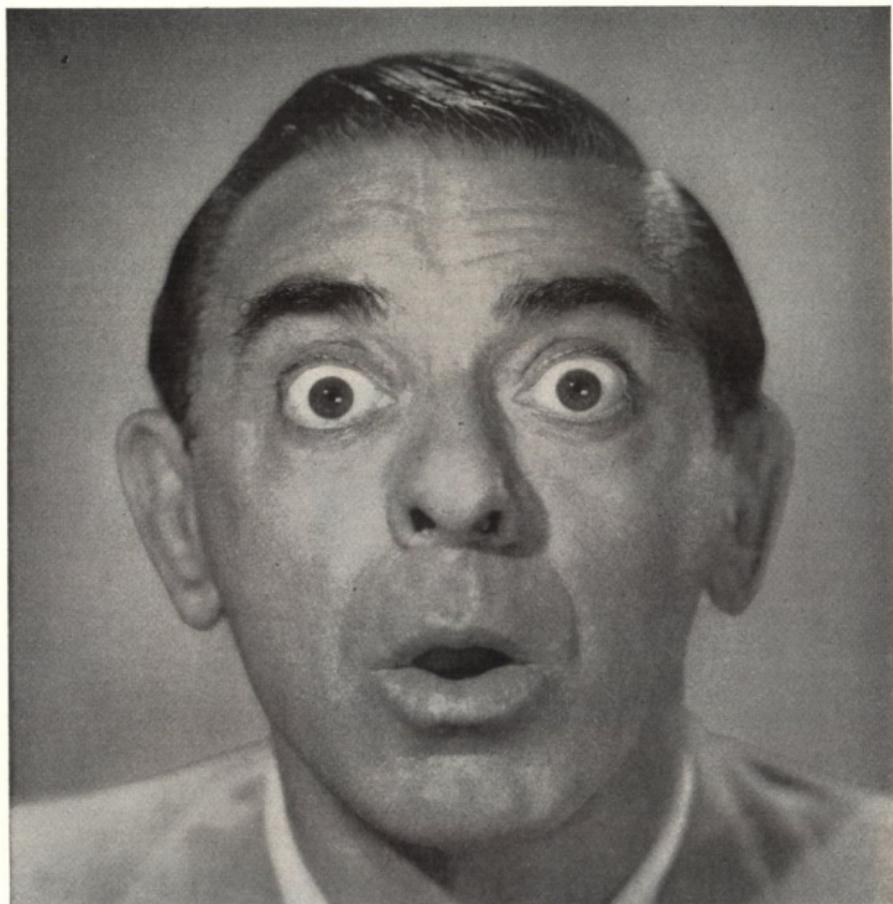
Men at Arms, by Evelyn Waugh. An increasingly serious satirist turns to World War II for a theme and a Christian gentleman for a hero; the first volume of a trilogy (TIME, Oct. 27).

Prisoner of Grace, by Joyce Cary. The story of Nina Nimmo and her lifetime bargain with two men; a new novel by one of the liveliest writers alive (TIME, Oct. 20).

The Devils of Loudun, by Aldous Huxley. A skillful account of the epidemic of devil-possession which beset the French town of Loudun in the 17th century, and of the rash priest who burned for it (TIME, Oct. 6).

The Man on a Donkey, by H. F. M. Prescott. A vivid, fictional chronicle of 16th century Yorkshire (TIME, Sept. 22).

The Old Man and the Sea. A masterfully written story about a Cuban fisherman, which may be just what Ernest Hemingway thinks it is: the best work he has ever done (TIME, Sept. 8).



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MISCELLANY

Spared Part. In Birmingham, Roy Carter received a package containing the handle to the auto jack he ordered (and received) in 1945.

Quicker Than the Eye. In Syracuse, N.Y., Mrs. Arline Meehan, reporting to police that someone had stolen her furniture, explained that she had left it on the curbside five weeks before, when she was evicted, but that the neighbors had promised they would keep an eye on it.

Snug Harbor. In Mt. Clemens, Mich., when police asked Melvin Reno why he was driving his car on the sidewalk, he muttered: "I'm too drunk to be on the street."

Brethren-in-Law. In Milan, Tenn., when First Baptist Church Deacon Henry Martin reported that a car was blocking his driveway, the violator, another First Baptist Church deacon, was fined by the city judge, chairman of the First Baptist Church deacons.

Round Trip. In Harrisburg, Pa., Leonard A. Unger left his car in front of the city hall while paying a fine for illegal parking, returned to find he had been tagged for illegal parking.

Recession. In Matsuyama, Japan, "Rice Merchant" Tadashi Ebino was finally tracked down by police after he had 1) collected 2,000 yen (\$5) in advance from a customer, 2) borrowed the customer's bicycle to deliver the rice, 3) borrowed the customer's watch to make certain he got to the rice pickup point on time, 4) failed to return.

Fleece-Lined. In Chicago, when police caught Raymond Conners at the International Livestock Exposition with a lamb hidden under his coat, he explained: "It was wandering in the aisles and I just wanted to keep it warm."

Economic Determinist. In Cleveland, Louis Masendas was excused from jury duty when he assured the judge that he was "opposed to capital punishment for the poor, but not for the rich" and would decide about the people in between "on a class basis."

Reactionary. In Tokyo, Mrs. Sumie Kawasaki, founder and president of the Women's Livelihood Cooperative Association, finally had to tell members that they were hopelessly in the red, suggested they hire a male business manager.

Checking Account. In Ada, Ohio, after National Bank President Anson Gear was held up at gun point while thieves robbed his bank, the board of directors conducted a special audit to determine the losses (\$7,037), then filed charges that President Gear had embezzled \$17,500 over the past eight years.

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